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THOUGHTS OF HOME;

OR,

Counsel and Consolation for Expatriated Invalids.

WITH SOME REMARKS ON CLIMATE.

BY

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AUTHOR OF "QUIET MOMENTS," "MORNING NOTES OF PRAISE," ETC.

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"They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer Home."
Keble.

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Preface.

Another Book upon Invalids! Have we not had good advice enough already? Is there anything more wearing than to be told continually how to bear a burden by those who never felt its weight?—how to look at one's own position from the point of view of an opposite neighbour?—or how to move more gracefully with a lame member than do others whose limbs are perfect?

So much for ourselves—and then for our resorts. Have there not been treatises and hand-

books, in a ceaseless deluge, telling us where to go; each one puffing the place the author, from personal motives, we will not say, best loves, but least dislikes?

So hear we exclaim, naturally enough, our unfortunate readers. "It is very true, dear friends," we reply, "it is very true that you have been much written for (we will not say *at*); and that it is hard to bear the comments of the unscathed, upon one's own infirmity or suffering, we must readily allow."

But those among you who think all books written for their peculiar needs, odious, need not read this one; those who have sometimes found comfort or help in such books may welcome this small work, undertaken by one who lives amidst your number, and has your sufferings ever before her eyes. It will comprise a few remarks on various climates, a few hints on facilities and difficulties of various health resorts, a set of devotions and hymns for the suffering, a few thoughts

and meditations—and some account of the Branch Hospital of the Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth, established at Alexandria.

Should this little work please or aid any man, woman, or child, visited with illness abroad, or sent from home on the weary search after health, it will be the dearest reward to

THE AUTHOR.

Alexandria, September, 1863.

The Special Sufferings of Invalids.

CHAPTER I.

Different Classes of Exiled Invalids.

"We send you away as a precaution; we discover no trace of organic disease at present; the disturbance that exists is accidental, and absence from England and from exciting atmospheric changes during one winter, will make you fit to return safely, only be careful not to expose yourself to night air, or bad weather, or over-fatigue this winter." In how many, many cases is this formula repeated! in how many cases is it the death-blow to the pro-

fessional career, the burning ambition, the name, and fame, and fortune of the father of a family, the destruction of all his hopes for his children!

Strong is the agony, deep the darkness, that settle on the soul. When such a word is spoken, after weeks perhaps of illness, or after one or two sharp sudden warnings, just as the mind is returning to its accustomed train of thought, the hand to its cunning, the brain to its labour, there comes down such a weight of despair upon the soul, as must be felt to be understood.

Yet even at that hour that seems to rend away all the earthly future to which we had fondly looked forward, there remains the promise of recovered health and prolonged life, a promise scarcely regarded as a good, if life and health are to be separated from accustomed occupation and expected success.

There is one higher consolation—the word of Eli—"It is the Lord."

This can best silence the surging, restless heart that asks so bitterly, "Why am I thus cut off from all I cared for?" "The strong man's strength is as tow," and that subdueth not his spirit. The powerful mind mourns over its lost career; but if it learn to say, "It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth unto Him good," its powers shall not be wasted, come what may.

But there are many others who do not feel the same condemnation in the command to leave their native land. Their career is not so important, or so promising, or may be pursued elsewhere, or will not be broken by a temporary absence; or they have none. The order to wander is as welcome to them as anything else; they are willing idlers, and the command that gives them so much less concern is perhaps in reality founded upon a slighter derangement of health. It is to statesmen, to men rising or already in full practice at the bar, in the medical, active, or educational professions,

that such sentence is a sentence of "moral death," as it has been called. And such being well known to be the fact, it is only pronounced upon serious grounds, and despite the mildness of the phrase employed, there are grave fears whenever such men are expatriated.

Let, however, the lighter class of invalids to whom we have alluded, recollect, that though in their case there really may be but little cause for the warning, *some* there is, enough to make it their duty to attend rigidly to the advice with which it is coupled.

Many, many, do we see of every age and sex sent with this formula to the sunny shores of France, to Cannes, Nice, Hyères, or inland to Pau, and the mineral springs of the Pyrenees; and often do we meet them there trusting *all* to the climate, wearing or not wearing their respirators, according to fancy; trying to do all that others do; sharing in all the amusements of the place, joining in expeditions, pic-nics, long donkey

or horse rides—suffering, it it is true, little at the time, but during the next one or two days, or even a week, much less well than before—still persuading themselves that they are gaining ground, and indeed to all appearances losing less than might seem probable..

We see others surrounded by every manifestation of anxious care, allowed scarcely to walk or drive except in the sunniest hours, and under the warmest wraps, "feeling perfectly well, suffering nothing but *ennui* at this excessive care which denies or curtails all their pleasures," say they; in their secret hearts envying the happier individuals, as they think them, who, careless themselves, have careless friends, in whose ears the warning has not rung with the same tone it has for the more anxious or more experienced.

Yet, if they would own the fact, there is often an unaccountable heaviness and weariness of limb, a restlessness, a burning sensation in the palms of the hands, and in the soles of the feet,

that makes the pavement seem hot, and the pen or pencil irksome; or a sudden conviction comes and goes in a moment, amid the gayest scenes, as in solitude, of the "passing away" nature of all around them, which might, which ought to warn them that there is cause for care, and that without any morbid fears or self-watching, it is their simple solemn *duty* to heed the advice given to them, that they may have nothing on their conscience, and that they may not add to the anxiety of those around them.

Dear friends, old and young, grave and gay, listen to these words. Whosoever feels these symptoms ought not to strive to drown the impression, but to meet it fairly. He ought if at home, to consult medical advice, and if he be sent abroad, he ought not to deceive himself with the idea that he can safely do as others do; it is his solemn duty to avoid unnecessary fatigue, excitement and exposure, and while he lives so as to be ready to die, to do his best also to be ready

to live on, and serve God with a whole heart in a whole body, if so be His Holy Will.

Whether we live, therefore, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord: living, therefore, or dying, we are the Lord's.

There are decidedly more invalids sent out to avoid or alleviate diseases of the lungs than any other disorder. There is however a very large class of persons suffering from other complaints, who, being ordered one or two seasons at some of the many mineral springs of Europe, pass the intervening winter at a winter-nest, and falling into the habit become at last as unable to endure a northern latitude as the chest-invalids, and thus become "expatriated" also. There is besides the very large and sad class of public men who have given their best years to their country, have served her in her colonies, her army or her navy, until some desired grade or post has been attained. Then, ere they have time to enjoy it, the long strain upon the mind and body, the long expo-

sure to a trying climate, bring their dread arrears of accounts,—the health breaks down; the object is indeed gained, but at what cost! The strong placid man becomes a weak irritable invalid—expatriated first by necessity, then by ambition, and lastly by suffering, he relinquishes the prize, quits the atmosphere that wrought him woe,—only to find that it has rendered him unfit to breathe that of his own land, that he must henceforth be a wanderer on the face of the earth—a wanderer in search of health; the search perhaps least often crowned with success, not even excepting that of Miss Edgeworth's weird old "Treasure-Seeker," at Castle Rosslyn.

There are again others, young and often beautiful, who are really brought to a mild climate simply as a precaution, as half-way from some enervating climate to their own land, or in order to forestall any possible tendency to hereditary delicacy. To these last, however, should no

symptom have declared itself, it is probable that the *cooler* the residence chosen the better, and the chief advantage in avoiding the north would be the greater amount of exercise to be secured in the open air without risk of chill or damp.

Sometimes, it is true, among them are found some for whom no care is to avail, in whom the fire is already latent, and needs but some so-called accidental spark to kindle it fatally fast. Such, with others more or less advanced—but to the medical eye (and often, though not always, to their own convictions) fatally marked—form the next class of invalids, and those to whom this book is more especially dedicated. They need consolation, they need cheering—cruel is it to deceive them with hopes of "next year" or "next winter," when it is evident that life for them must be life in a certain elevation of temperature, and not that for long.

There remain those who are smitten down suddenly, in the midst of their occupations abroad,

by violent disease, and those who fall victims to the climate to which they have accompanied their invalids. Few cases are so desolating as these—the small selection from a family party is broken up, the prop and centre of the whole fails, says nothing, hopes to get acclimatized, conceals suffering until it becomes too evident, sinks, and is carried off before the very eyes of the shocked survivors, who feel, the invalid especially, that the life taken was far dearer than the life it strove to save, and that probably both will go, and a lonely wreck remain.

Thus we have sketched some of the more usual classes of expatriated invalids, to whom most affectionately we commend our slight attempt at meditations and devotions for them. Many of these are exceedingly simple, not to be beyond the reach of the very young and those in service, whose position in illness is often most sad and perplexing; striving to keep up to their work while flesh and heart faileth, striving both

for their employers' sake and their own not "to give way" until the lamp of life burns most unsteadily.

In the many perplexities and indecisions of incipient and chronic illness; the sharper throes of acute suffering; the dreariness of knowing that you have an incurable disease, and can never see your own home again; and the awfulness of seeing death very near, and the Land of your inheritance close at hand—for all these there shall be found such thoughts and prayers as have seemed suitable; and trust me, dear readers, for I have lived in your ranks, and wish only to lead you to One Whose sympathy and Whose knowledge of your sufferings are not as mine, limited and imperfect, but vast as tender, perfect as inexhaustible. In Him ye shall find rest.

CHAPTER II.

Thoughts on the Sufferings of Invalids.

Though it be natural in undertaking any religious work to write it specially with a view to those of one's own land and faith, in the present instance I must entreat all sufferers of every nation, tongue, and creed to believe that I write for them; that if one word or page of mine may comfort any, it will not be by chance — it will only be that they have accepted one drop of the tender sympathy ever flowing for them.

A long residence among scenes of sorrow and sickness breaks down all separation walls; and though when in the presence of suffering all that relates to one's own early associations with the life, the faith, and the love of our own home and Church is doubly dear, it is nevertheless the very moment in which the sadness of our common fate makes every man a brother. Believe then, dear friends of every nation, that I address all who may find pleasure or solace in these pages.

Brought near as one is in a Health-Resort to cases of deep interest, now from this country, now from that, one learns and sympathises with all, not only in the particulars in which they are all similarly affected but also in those wherein they differ.

The result of much observation is that the uncertainty and suspense attending chronic and incipient illness is one of its greatest causes of suffering; and this, too, even in cases in which

the expenses of illness, the pecuniary loss incurred by inaction, and the consequent change in the prospects of a young family, can have no place.

The mind of man is a schemer, and must look forward, and it is this perhaps that above all distinguishes him from the brute creation. Present ease is enough for them; those who seem to show foresight and wisdom by laying up stores of provisions, &c., do so in obedience to an unvarying instinct, and are incapable of striking out new developments of that instinct except in the presence of some insurmountable obstacle to its taking its usual course. We cannot suppose fancy or prevision to have any share in such actions. But Man must ever have something to which to look forward, and builds and builds again his airy fancies and hopes in the distance. In order to do so, he must, however, feel tolerably sure of the present and immediate future. Even Alnaschar *had* his crate of glass,

and Perrette her pail of milk, upon which to begin to build.

Now the incipient invalid has not even this; he is not able to convince himself that he is well or recovering; he knows not to what amount or duration of illness his present state tends, but it is not health—that is all he can safely admit; beyond all is uncertain, hazy, foggy, and he shrinks from contemplating the possible slope or precipice veiled by that mistiness. He tries and tries again to believe now that his feelings of strangeness, rather than of pain, are visionary, unreal, that he is growing hypochondriacal; now that they are real but perfectly to be accounted for, and will prove but transitory. He resorts to active measures, severe remedies perhaps, or hard exercise, or some strenuous exertions in his daily occupations, only to find that, labour and exert himself as he may, treat himself in whatever manner he select, he can do less, and bear less day by day, and

must confess his condition, and call in medical aid,—and rest.

Difficult indeed is it to bear the triple burden of fluctuating misgivings, physical suffering, and daily exertion, under so calm and cheerful a bearing that no one near us suffer for our concealed trial, that no impatience nor injustice mingle in our dealings with our neighbours, no neglect of any important business, or of opportunities of showing kindness.

This can only be the case with a Christian stoic, a brave and noble soul, humbled to "bear all things," as a cross laid upon him by the hand of his Master. A great positive calamity, about which there are sympathy and kindliness, and eyes looking to see how the cross is borne, and hands ready to lift or steady it—such is grievous enough, but can be borne by weaker spirits. But very bitter in any case is the one we have described —incipient illness. It is like falling in a dream, and hoping no one saw the start of horror, for

whither tends that slope, where ends that precipice?

Commit thou thy way unto the Lord, lie down in peace, poor sufferer, trust thee to the strong arm of Him that loveth thee, yield thee to the needful treatment, grudge nor time nor patience, but submit cheerfully. That time is not lost that is spent by the prisoner in awaiting his sentence of release.

"Yes! if it be death, I am content," say many; "but if it be life, what an interruption to my business, to my career, to my studies—what a trouble the journey to be taken."

All perfectly true, but no *chance* interruption, no *chance* trouble; a check that may be well turned to account, a lesson to be learned, a rest much needed. He who calleth thee aside, and saith to thee, "Be still," hath suffered more than this for thee. Oh, well is it to be in any degree made like unto Him.

So thought a German lady, and so said she

when pitied for a ceaseless, often agonizing, pain in the head accompanied by fever,—alarming to those who witnessed her sufferings and her continued activity in nursing the sick—"It is good for me, I am content; it is God's will;—nothing relieves me, but it is His holy will, I complain not. Suffering is good, it makes us more like our Lord. Suffering is gain."

One of the strong desires of sick people, especially of those who have been long ill, and whose state is either chronic or steadily declining, is for solitude. True, there are individuals to whom it is painful; there are hours in the life of all invalids when a friendly presence is esteemed far more welcome than solitude. But it is in general a boon for which the invalid longs, for which he cannot ask, and one that he is too often supposed to be incapable of desiring. Yet the deep treasury of human thought never wells up more freely and constantly than in the solitude of a sick chamber. All its powers and riches seem

to reserve themselves for that place and season. The bodily weakness that makes conversation an exertion, and seems to put the invalid under an extinguisher in the presence of many, has not really dimmed his intellectual powers; he is busy, however, with thoughts that cannot be revealed, his mind is more active than ever, but it is learning to dwell with the Unseen: its condition in illness is very like its state after a heavy bereavement; the world beyond is ever present with it, and to be alone with God is its best solace and support.

There is much effort to an invalid in being too constantly surrounded; there is a certain anxiety in all but the utterly selfish to appear stronger than they really feel—above all, not to allow that to-day is a less "good day" than yesterday, to keep up some appearance of cheerful if not lively interest in all that is going on around them. This is good—mental bracing—but it is exertion, and may often be carried too far, under the idea

that an invalid must not be left alone "to brood over his sufferings." Certainly not, but all do not employ themselves so ill as "to brood" when alone, and to be allowed a fair proportion of solitude during the day is not quite the same as being "left to brood."

It can never of course be possible to lay down rules—the species and degrees of illness being as infinitely varied as the characters and tastes of individuals, some invalids dreading solitude, some illnesses rendering it unsafe or impossible. But in general, in all cases of chronic illness and long decline, some portion of the day spent in solitude, and some portion given to mental and intellectual occupation, will secure to the invalid greater strength and spirit for the hours of his suffering, and for the time he spends with others, and the great satisfaction of setting his affectionate attendants free to enjoy the air, the new scenes and new ideas that may refresh them, mind and body. The invalid should think of this every-

where, but especially in a country new to him and to those who have accompanied him. He should make it one of his duties to encourage their seeing and enjoying as much as possible, fighting ever himself against the repining feeling that he is sent to a new and interesting country when too ill to profit by its resources; he should rejoice that among the many privations his friends bear silently and cheerfully for his sake, they have this little compensation. It will be to them no slight one if he enter readily into their pleasures, and listen eagerly to their remarks and descriptions. It may appear perhaps out of place in a book of Consolations to speak of duties—yet why so? Are not duties the best consolations? the best, that is, after Faith, their root. The sick of every age would be happier, were their *duties* better understood; too much would not be required of them, nor too little. We should not see, as we now do, every unpleasant truth relating to others withheld from them,

or veiled and softened as if they might no longer bear another's burden; nor, on the other hand, as we sometimes may, the invalid confined to his chair or sofa, with little or no variety, expected to bear the common little contrarieties of family life with more patience and serenity than those whose daily avocations remove them for a time from whatever jars in the home life. Treatises have been so ably written upon "Nursing the Sick," upon "Sickness, its trials and blessings," besides many others, that it does not fall within the scope of this work to follow their steps and systematize the duties either of the watcher or the watched; but it may be allowed perhaps to suggest one or two points particularly essential to the treatment of invalids in foreign lands, and to the comforts to be found there for them, which shall form the subject of a future chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Variability.

Another great source of suffering to all patients, and especially to those in a land where comforts are not easily procured, is the variability of their spirits, their appetite, and their sleep. The two last affect the first, no doubt, and invalids cannot by any amount of reasoning bring themselves to be as placid or as gay to-day as they were yesterday, and may be to-morrow. They know that this will be discovered by their friends, that immense pains will

be taken, and the town ransacked to find some delicacy to tempt them to eat, some easy pillow or spring-cushions to improve their rest. And this is of itself a trouble to them. They begin their day tired with unrest, and with the feeling of the fatigue that will be incurred for them, for the invalid lends others his own feelings, and his back and limbs ache, and his chest pants, as he hears or thinks of searchings and ransackings, and journeys up and down stairs, and in and out of shops and magazines. His brow is clouded before the mischief has occurred, with the prevision thereof, and his relations think he is "worse," and look anxious, and seem to watch him.

When the "tempting dinner" comes, he tries to smile, and like, and eat it; he fights pretty bravely for two or three mouthfuls, then the fatigue is too great, and he gives up the matter, finding, if he is honest and cross, fault with the dish; if he is gentle and considerate, fault with

himself. No really conscientious invalid will ever say to an affectionate, attentive nurse, "It's so nasty, dear." Quite as easy and much kinder is it to say, "I have had enough, I am not hungry," or, "I do not fancy it just now."

Unfortunately, it is sometimes too true that the broth or jelly waited for is so long in coming, and so carelessly prepared by a native cook, that to a faint and tired invalid, it may appear indeed "so nasty, dear."

But the day passes on, the doctor comes, finds nervous irritability present in the pulse, and in the glance of the eyes, and understands the whole affair. But he can only prescribe for the future; the day is a "bad day;" the evening, during which the invalid used to converse sometimes with animation, finds him mute and exhausted. He could weep to think of a day so lost, when perhaps his days are numbered; when his watchers are so tender, he is pained to think that so much uneasiness has been caused—not by any

new or alarming symptom—(that generally finds and leaves the invalid placid and amiable), but by a comparative trifle. If he trust in himself, he determines not to be so weak again, and *fails*. If he trust in his Lord God, he worships like Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff, and humbles himself before Him, praying for help against his own helplessness, and against his weak and faulty temper, over-anxious and shadowed into gloom by the slightest cloud. He makes no resolution in his own strength, but he says, "'I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God,' and will slay this giant with a sling and a stone," by watching and prayer.

CHAPTER IV.

Bodily Weakness.

It is often said that great weakness is harder to bear than pain. Perhaps this may be doubted. Each, however, contains a power of its own to inflict suffering, and to support the patient under it. Pain, the greater, the more intense it becomes, carries with it a kind of febrile or perhaps even mental strength to bear it, so that we sometimes endure violent, agonizing pain, better, as the phrase is, than that which is less intense but more wearing.

Weakness, when extreme, becomes almost

unconsciousness, and thus escapes its own penalty. But one reason why weakness is often more trying than pain, is that it is so much more prolonged and continuous, and less easily forgotten. When a fit of terrific pain, the pain of an accident, an operation, disease in bone, nerve, or gland, is over, the mind cannot recall its intensity. But long after weakness is past, we remember the effort that it cost us to determine upon some slight change of posture, such as lifting the hand to chase a fly; to summon courage to ask a question, feeling sure we should not be heard, and should have to repeat,—the dread we had of any one's coming in unexpectedly,—the longing to be able to rise and cross the room, knowing it must be long ere we should do so,—and many similar instances. Or later, when able to form plans and projects, the sudden shock of disappointment with which we became aware that all we had desired would be delightful, but *impossible* to us, requiring strength we possessed not.

In long-continued weakness, it is also a trial to have to remind oneself and others of it, to be obliged to speak of it as a reason for doing or not doing such and such things; and then, as a lady once *naïvely* observed, "It is so expensive to be weak." Of course it is. "All appliances" are required, and the little visit or expedition that would be a trifling item in the expenditure of a robust person, would amount to four times as much for a weaker person requiring helping, carrying, &c.

But all illness is of course expensive, and this is one of the many ways in which it tries our faith, and inclines us, as an excellent divine says, to place on the *losing* side of our account all forms of sickness, accidents and incapacity, instead of entering them more truly as gains. It is, however, a triumph of that faith when we can trust our weakness, and all its varying moods and phases, to the hand of Him who is ever strong and ever loving.

"Strong and patient" is His character; it is

very difficult for the weak physically to be patient; it requires great moral and spiritual strength—in other words, great Faith. Many men, ay, and women also, whose character and energy would seem to fit them for a foremost place of useful or brilliant work, those whose example and courage might lead so many, and who have given so much time and so much exertion to prepare themselves for the battle of life, lie sadly still, their eyes fixed upon the thin white hands that rest so feebly on their lap, and give no promise of strength for the day of need. No, they are called aside, their Lord has work, hero-work perchance, for them, but it is like His appearance to Elijah, not in the whirlwind nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, that He will speak to them. It is in the still small voice. It is in the solemn words: "Commune with thine own soul, and in thy chamber, and be still." For how differently do all things appear seen out of the window of that chamber. How are the first objects

of desire last, and the last first, and the great little, and the little great. It is in the hours of utter weakness that we often learn the deepest truths; and this one, amongst others, that well as it is to be ready to go forth, to spend and be spent for others, and to serve our Lord actively, He often chains those willing feet and arrests that energetic voice, that His servant may hear *His* voice, and that his light may shine all the more brightly,—because unconsciously to himself,—while he is made to stand hidden, as in a cleft of the rock, to learn more of his Divine Master, and more of his own feeble nature. This, too, is work—not the work he dreamed of, panted for, strove for, but work fit for him, and that shall, if rightly accepted, fit him for his place in the Mighty Temple.

Only let us, in the hour of weakness, pray against impatient despondency, against murmuring despair. Sometimes we are raised for a while out of this extreme weakness: we begin to think recovery, at least sufficient recovery to

permit work, possible. It is granted, and our busy spirit begins to weave its plans again; once more busy and active, we are happy; in this there is no sin. St. Paul gives thanks on his friend's account, as upon his own, that though sick nigh unto death he had been restored.

All seems to prosper—we have nearly regained the ground "lost," as we say, by our illness, when lo! again we feel the old familiar pain or lassitude; again the old familiar symptoms recur, and we know and feel that we shall be again arrested in our career.

And it is so. Bitter pain, keen disappointment! Yet, if the first lesson have been well learnt, we shall resign ourselves wholly to our Lord's will, and say no longer, as at first, "Let me die *or* recover. I cannot drag on thus, neither living *nor* dying." No, a more humble and chastened spirit will now have learnt the words, the spirit of the Divine example, "Oh, Father, not my will but Thine be done."

Weakness is often said to be so humiliating. It is indeed singularly painful to an independent character, one who barely endured necessary aid and service when well, to be reduced to utter dependence, to be unable to obtain even a glass of water or change his position unaided. And it is a great rebuke to pride of the common kinds, though not in all cases. Pride, like a mountain torrent, often chafes the more at any obstacle in its way. But sometimes it is by God's blessing subdued in the time of weakness.

A little girl, of an imperious and violent temper, and strong passionate imagination, was struck down by fever, and while lying still extremely weak in her bed, asked a maidservant for something. The maid, misunderstanding the request, thought it was for something utterly absurd, and laughed at it. The child became irritated, the maid taunted and laughed at her. At length, so strong a sense of her own helplessness, and of the *uselessness* of violence, as well as its sinfulness,

came over her, that to tears of passion succeeded softer tears of penitence, and a resolution instantly to combat this foe, and a prayer for that aid which is never refused.

Weakness sometimes, strange to say, destroys natural indolence. Probably, upon the same principle that makes depriving children of their books the best incentive to diligence. Thus being laid up for a time, and unable to exert oneself, seems to enhance the value of our misused blessings, and we never waste them so thoughtlessly again.

The length of time required for every action of the day, by persons who are very weak, is a burden to them; they require rest between each stage of the day's employments, even if they be only getting up—trying a new remedy—a few slight repasts—visits from the family, visits from one or two friends, or the doctor, or the clergyman, or a short carriage-drive. The day is gone; they are tired, and can scarcely say what they have done; they think the day is lost, espe-

cially if they are in a southern climate, where night seems to come so swiftly on the day. Yet let them not lament it, but rather return thanks, for to many it has been very long. If to them it has been short they have not suffered much, and though they think they may not have done much, let them rejoice the hearts of those around them by owning that the day has passed lightly over their heads. In our own hearts we may prefer a *longer* day, a day more consciously spent and lived through; but as it is by every one considered to be a proof of ease and happiness that the days be short, let us make this profit out of our short ones, to the consolation of those who do so much and bear so much for us. And let us go to rest at night, examining ourselves whether in this "short" day we have found time for kind words, gentle actions, and generous thoughts about them, and about all who may have come in our way.

CHAPTER V.

Weakness.

Another of the great trials of continued weakness is the constant fear of becoming a burden upon the means and the spirits, a check upon the pursuits and pleasures of others. This feeling, if allowed, very soon will become morbid, and will end by producing the very gloom and weight we dread. A sick person whose state is not one of imminent danger nor of intense suffering, is not necessarily a check upon the spirits or enjoyments of others. Sometimes the invalid is

the least anxious and the most lively and cheering member of the party; and even when this is not the case, there are many diseases that, far from dimming the intelligence, seem rather to brighten and strengthen it. The fears that possess some invalids, that they are growing stupid, that their monotonous self-concentrated life is telling upon their mental powers, are in general quite unnecessary, and though, if indulged, they might weaken the mind and lower its tone of thought, their existence does not by any means prove that such process is already begun.

In this, as in all the other mental torments of the sick, we would say to them, Strive to occupy your mind, to keep it from dwelling on these painful subjects, throw yourself into the interests of those about you, do not mourn that you are a thorn in their side, an obstacle in their path, but remember that for them, as for yourself, this lesson is *sent*, purposely sent,—that you have no hand nor responsibility in it,—that you never desired so

many sacrifices as have been made for you. Bear *all*, even the fear of being a burden, as part of the cross your Master lays upon you; accept the kindness and liberality He puts for you into the hearts of those around you; do not add to their sorrow and anxiety on your account the weight of all your unwillingness to cause them sorrow and anxiety, of your fear of being a burden and a hindrance to them. Strive by your cheerful independent mind to lighten the presence of your weak dependent body; be unto them more than ever a close friendly sympathizer, a frank and gentle counsellor; *pray* for them most constantly and fervently that God may render unto them sevenfold into their bosom all that they so freely give for you, and then fear that you will be a burden either physically or morally,—you may be sure your presence among them shall work them no harm, but good, so that even should you really feel the powers of your understanding darkened, you will be enabled to lay these also, even *these*

at the foot of the Cross, and say, It is the Lord, let Him work His holy will upon me, and upon all that I possess. Amen.

But one very great means of preserving these powers is by occupation. Often, indeed, it is work enough just to lie still, and check restlessness, or endure pain, or rest the aching, trembling limbs, and beating heart of great weakness,—when one is inclined to wish one could be folded up like a foot-rule, and put into a dark case till wanted. But there are times when occupation would be possible, very agreeable, but when it is not attempted, because supposed to be impossible. And it certainly requires no little ingenuity to discover exactly the occupation fitted to each case, containing sufficient interest with slight exertion. Reading, and reading on a liberal and varied scale, is in general the best refreshment, two or three or more different books being kept on hand at a time. Some invalids are capable of learning a new language or instrument, art, or science,

while confined almost to a bed or a sofa; but few are sufficiently strong for that. In a new country, copying the new plants and flowers, making collections of the insects, minerals, or other productions of the country, taking meteorological notes and many other such resources, have beguiled the hours of sickness.

Some invalids, indeed, think all reading but the Bible inadmissible, all occupation save works of charity or proselytism unfit for those whose time on earth is in all probability very short. But, with permission, we would remark that there are lands where works of proselytism are unlawful and impossible, works of charity very little needed, and that although the first place is without doubt to be given to holy readings, and devotional and charitable employments, there are many hours still to be employed, and that to keep the mind occupied and interested (*not* distracted) is far better than to let it lie in weary inaction, because unfit for much exertion. Nothing should

precede or supersede the precious devotional readings and meditations of an invalid; but they require a certain tone and elevation of mind, and few we think have that enviable tone and elevation all the day, and many are the better, not the worse, for a light draught of current literature (or severer study, if fit for it) between the hours of entering their oratory.

Regularity in these is a great help to right feeling and practice, but need not prevent secret prayer and praise accompanying the invalid throughout his day. Who needs to look up so constantly, to speak so fervently to his Master, as he who suffers? He may indeed interest himself for the sake of others in the rapid stream of time, but for himself he knows and feels that there is a stronger undercurrent bearing him to his Home and his Lord God. Safely may he look on the things of the world if he be in it, but not of it—if his heart be with his treasure and "his life hid," truly, as all our lives are nominally "with Christ in God."

CHAPTER VI.

Pain.

Pain, the seal of man's inheritance of woe, claims every son of Adam from his birth till the grave close upon him. Pain is said to be one of the torments of the doomed; it may perhaps be mental rather than physical, but it is still pain. Pain exists not in heaven: "*There* shall be no more pain." Few complaints exist without pain; it is the warning to the living body that decay is there, or if not decay injury and disease; it warns us, ere it be too late, to apply a remedy;

or if none be found, to prepare for our admission there where "shall be no more pain." Pain of the body, like pain of the mind, affects us differently; an excellent divine has said, "Our sensibilities to pain are very various. One thing hurts one person, and another—another: that which is agony to you—your neighbour scarcely feels. This is true of the roughnesses of life, of the calumnies of life, of the disappointments of life." Only let us all be sure that we suffer, in whatever degree it be, with Christ.

There is perhaps no latitude in which pain is more or less intense; but, as in the diseases generally sent for relief to a warm climate, pain is but one among many symptoms, so in the complaints abounding in or peculiar to hot climates, pain is a most marked feature. Liver complaints, attended with fever and inflammation, opthalmia, nervous and typhoid fevers, with their agonizing pains in the head,—and many varieties of disease of the digestive organs; skin

diseases, boils, carbuncles, and that fever, which assumes the pains and the forms of every other till it run its deadly course, are but a few of the varied and intensely painful diseases constantly before our eyes in these countries. Chest and throat diseases have their well-known pains also: the aching chest, burning side, limbs with a fiery marrow as it were, and the painful labouring for breath, and distressing cough, sometimes acute, sometimes dull, but ever constant. Occasionally indeed inflammation supervenes, and neuralgia completes the series. There is pain to be seen on all sides, and oh, how differently is it endured! National tempers are here seen as well as the influence of education and character.

The Turk submits, tries few remedies—a charm or a talisman, or a *Zike* (recitation of the Koran); the Arab—equally bound to submit, but less patient—weeps in despair; the Greek shrieks, startles the whole house with his cries;

the Italian demands stronger measures, violent remedies; the Russian bears in silence; the German dismisses the ill; the Frenchman groans and laughs by turns; the Englishman "hopes to be soon all right again;" the Spaniard hides his sufferings, and the Copt endures them stoically.

Pain confuses, dazzles the mental sight, or oppresses it with a dim weight of darkness. Pain, acute pain, seems to concentrate life into a moment. Can I live through such another pang? is the question that occurs to one. It takes one's breath, it fixes eye and muscle, it is like a giant iron hand that grasps the weak part and paralyses the whole.

Pain, throbbing, unceasing, wringing pain, makes life a bed of thorns; takes rest from the pillow and taste out of food, and power out of every sense. A mass of pain—to such is the thinking, reasoning man reduced.

Pain, racking pain, in nerve or joint, seems

to be dismembering us night and day—we wonder what is going on in that broken bone, that injured nerve, to make it feel as if a red-hot screw were being continually worked in it.

Pen and tongue fail before the mighty varieties of pain. The pain of operations, of accidents, of gun-shot wounds; of childbirth, and all the train of sufferings allied to it; of inflammations; of nerve, bone, skin, and glandular diseases; of gout, of rheumatic and neuralgic affections; of complaints of the eye and ear, of cancer and tumour, of diseases of the vital organs,—diseases concealed from every eye. These all—oh, doubt it not!—are all and each open to the eye and sympathy of Him with whom we have to do. Our Saviour while on earth knew pain full well; the pain even of hunger and thirst were known to Him, and surely He who could rebuke disease and revoke death itself, could enter into the sufferings He relieved. He did—and does so truly. When your pain is so great that you try

to be alone that none may see it—when you can neither read, nor think, nor pray, He is ever ready to help you. By His mercy intense pain has intervals, or cannot last very long. In those intervals pray, call upon Him for strength and patience. If you can only say, "Lord have mercy upon me," "Help me to bear this for Thy sake," "Make Thyself known to me," He will assuredly give you strength and comfort then, and for the next terrible fit of pain, if it must come.

I know you cannot read these words or any others, you whose heads are dizzy with exceeding pain (what a reason is here to think on these things before such pain be our portion!); your Lord knows it also. He accepts the *thought* when the act is impossible:

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

And for habitual pain, when devotion is not impossible, but must be very short, those divinely beautiful Psalms may well afford us aid in all hours. There is or was an old "Obedience" or Sisterhood, part of whose rules it was to say whenever the clock struck: "At the — hour, and at any hour, may the Holy and Blessed Trinity be adored. Amen." Some such practice justly aids the heavy-footed time of a sleepless painful night or weary day: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" would be a better way of noting the lapse of time than the weary sigh and change of posture which is our usual comment upon the voice that tells us that another hour is gone. Sometimes with the words comes the sweet music belonging to them into our minds and soothes us with its well-remembered harmonies, better even than the voice of our attendant reading. Pain sometimes prevents our attending to that which is read. If, however, our attendant proposes this or some other expe-

dient, and we are not really unable to try it, the effort may be of use, especially in nervous (but not in inflammatory) pain.

If we are alone, which is, if it be possible, far better, and our pain be of that recurring kind that remedies do not relieve, and that must run its course, or "wear itself out," as the phrase is,—it is well to command ourselves to lie quite still, for a quarter of an hour, repeating, if we can, our Church Catechism, or the Evening Hymn, or some of Keble's musical verses; or, if the memory be too weak for all these, the Lord's Prayer only, or this verse; "In the Lord put I my trust; how say ye, then to my soul, that she should flee as a bird unto the hill?"

If pain thus bring us nearer to our Lord, and make us feel it well to suffer and to do His will, shall it find us angry or impatient? Trying indeed it is, and apt to recur again and again, when we had thought it subdued—the remedy that once resisted it seems to be worn out; trying it is

and humiliating, for it makes us feel our utter weakness and proneness to faithlessness and discontent. There are kinds of pain less disabling, but which, nevertheless, never leave us entirely, are sometimes difficult to bear, and which are of so old a date that we do not like to mention them to others who have forgotten their very existence. Dreary is it to feel that we are only able to exert ourselves *a little*, that any overwork or over-enjoyment increases the pain to positive illness; that to kneel in church, or walk for half-an-hour, or visit one or two sick persons, or change in any way our usual way of life, reduces us from the state of prisoners on parole to that of manacled captives. Yet for this, too, the watchwords are Submission, Prayer, and Watchfulness. This is indeed a state scarcely to be called invalidism, as compared to that of others, yet it demands the aid of the same Holy Spirit, is sent by the same Father, reminds us of the same blessed Saviour. It is a cross, and

has often to be borne, not as acute and violent suffering, *instead* of other crosses, but with them. It is the lot of many of those expatriated, it is the consequence, to others, of their exile. Patient acceptance will do much to make it bearable, and steady attempts to occupy ourselves for others, will do much also. We shall have no difficulty in perceiving the uses of this and every other pain, when we feel how it presses down the pride and self-will, the love of ease and praise, and this life's ambitions, that surged so long and wildly, and still surge often in our hearts. May it please God to bless our pain to our sanctification, and to lead us in the path our Saviour trod, and "lead us in His track of love."

Let us gaze on where light should be,
Though not a beam the clouds remove.

So wanderers, ever fond and true,
Look homeward through the evening sky,
Without a streak of Heaven's soft blue,
To aid Affection's dreaming eye.

The wanderer seeks his native bower,
And we will look and long for Thee,
And thank Thee for each trying hour,
Wishing, not struggling, to be free.

Keble, xvi. Sunday after Trinity.

CHAPTER VII.

Despondency.

Out of the deep will I call unto Thee, oh Lord; Lord, hear my voice.

There are times in every illness, except perhaps those too rapid for thought to have way—there are times in every illness when a sudden and deep despondency falls upon the mind, and horror fills the soul. It is somewhat akin to the utter sinking of heart with which one sees the hour for an operation draw near. It is not the actual amount of pain that is dreaded—it

is the fear of anticipation almost always greater than the pain to be inflicted. We know it is so, we tell ourselves so; but it is the approach of the Unknown that makes our lips blanch and our heart beat quickly. Something like it, though less in degree, is the panic sometimes felt before some important interview with a stranger, or an influential person, or an examination of our case by a physician. We know that the moment is to a certain degree important—and we cannot tell what may be the result—or feel *sure of ourselves.* Whenever we can trace beforehand exactly what we shall have to do, and know we are equal to the emergency, there is no failing of the heart through fear. But who can say this of himself when his frame is exhausted by illness, his nerves unstrung, his limbs powerless? The merest trifle to which he has then to look forward assumes an appalling magnitude, and our own strength to sustain our part on any occasion appears to be less than nothing. How can we then look for-

ward to a long and trying illness, to the sorrow of surrounding friends, to the pain and terrors of death, with tolerable serenity? How can we, when looking back on our past lives more especially, lift up our eyes to the hope of acceptance with God? We know indeed that He is all-Merciful, but have we not been all-guilty? have we not sinned against mercies and warnings? have we not had so much loving-kindness shown to us, that we are doubly guilty to be still so far, so cold, so indifferent? We are speaking of those who really are and have long been aware of their privileges as Christians, and who are striving to live up to them. And we appeal to many such if we have exaggerated the despondency—we might almost say the dismay—that occasionally overtakes them; prayer seems unable to cheer or warm their hearts, praise cannot lift up her voice, confession is cold and lifeless; and reading finds them repeating the well-known words by heart, their glazed eyes scarcely seeing the words, their brain

and heart incapable of entering into them. It is not wonderful that, such being their condition, they should feel death itself in their souls, and despair of ever knowing the calm serene faith and patience they have so often heard described, that they almost expected them as part of their illness—despair even of their hold upon eternal life. Let them remember that we are "always to pray and not to faint." It is for their good that they are made to feel their utter need of God, even in the details of life, still more before the great and clouded and uncertain Future lying dim before them. But that despondency is no proof of non-acceptance, nor assurance a proof of great sanctity, both divines and saints have informed us—nay, even the word of Christ Himself, for what said He of the publican? Not that we would *approve* a desponding temper; it shows a weak faith and too great self-contemplation, but it does not by any means imply anything so terrible as insecurity; it has been a trial and a

temptation to the saints of all ages, it was never to be a torment to the lost, except it induce the soul that once believed to make shipwreck of its faith. Indifference, false security, are symptoms of a hardened heart. Despondency is one consequence of the Light of Life bursting in and showing us the dark and unholy things that cower in our hearts. While we look there, we fear, and justly; but let us look up to the Cross, and trusting firmly in Christ's willingness to save all who come to Him, let us remember our broken vows, and repent before Him daily, confessing our sins, and by the aid of His Holy Spirit, cleanse the hearts that should be meet temples for His dwelling-place.

There is much in natural character, much in the nature of the disease to account for despondency in certain invalids. And here we would more especially address those who are struggling with an adverse climate, striving to continue their exertions, though labouring against a current that saps their strength. This, be the

climate warm or cold, often produces the most distressing despondency upon every subject; first doubts of oneself and of the adequacy and success of one's efforts, then doubts of those around one, then of the general success of one's affairs temporal, and finally, and most distressingly, the doubts and fears we have already described, as to our state before God and final acceptance with Him; doubts to be carefully distinguished from the misgivings of an awakening and long-seared conscience. These latter will not be stilled by a nearer contemplation of the Divine Master, rather roused and quickened: the former will be hushed and tranquillized, the latter must be allowed full way; the former must be checked, lest our looking unto Christ become a morbid and despairing looking unto ourselves, killing to faith, and hope, and even charity. If, however, we cannot quiet our fears, let us consult our clergyman. If indeed we are blessed in our pastor, let us beseech him to visit us frequently in our

sickness and sorrow, and teach, and exhort, and comfort us; but in order that his visits should be effectual, we must place confidence in him. A real pastor's visit is looked forward to by an invalid as a great blessing—greater yet when he administers to him the Holy Communion. Thus shall we find strength and courage for all that is to be laid upon us, support against desponding fears, fears of suffering, fears of the death-agony, fears of falling from Christ, fears of final condemnation,—all the fears of the Christian's heart there find rest and peace. "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

But there are other fears more real and startling—the fears of the really negligent, indifferent, or profane heart, that has loved everything less than self, yet more than God. To such, the approach of illness is indeed terrible; the first touch of real pain or danger sends a living barbed arrow into that poor foolish heart, thickly

veils all its pictures of happiness, and breaks its beloved idols. Ambition was your idol? your future is a bed and a grave. Admiration? you are already removed from the possibility of its approaching you. Pleasure and ease? you must suffer and know no rest. Fortune? you cannot buy off fever nor purchase health. It would be some compensation if the sins that worshipped these idols were destroyed also. But no—pride and vanity, sensuality and greed, die not with loss of natural food, but they prey upon the heart and spirit, and arm sickness with a thousand stings.

You fear, you fear, poor sufferers? God hath laid His hand upon you, and it grieveth you sore. Open your heart to Him, tell Him as you would tell an earthly friend, all that lies so heavily on your heart—your broken plans, your lost hopes, your preparations for this life unfinished, your preparations for another not yet begun. Fear not to tell Him all, for He will perfectly understand all. He sends you this illness to

remind you of certain vows made for you long ago—of a sign signed upon you of love, that has followed you unseen all your days. He sends you these fears also. Fears to send you to your Saviour's Cross, there to confess your long, long career of careless life. Be warned in time—return to him, and He will return unto you. Own your sinful state, and be sure He will raise you from it. He shall still your passing fears, and make you see that with Him, if there is infinite justice, there is infinite mercy too. Despair of yourself if you will, but do not despair of Him. He is all-perfect in love as in judgment. He will yet teach you to desire His presence not as the only possible escape from punishment, but because He is your Lord, your Master, your Father, and your Friend. Amen.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nervousness.

Under this wide and comprehensive term are included some of the very fiercest torments, the most hopeless miseries, and the most prolonged and harassing misgivings that can assail poor human nature. They are also of the most impalpable order, real and acute in the suffering they cause, and most relentless in their grasp; they yet elude almost all remedies. If the invalid dreads them, so does the physician. Capricious yet constant, he knows not how to

assail them; the patient cries for some specific for the racking pain, or the troubled fancy, or the sudden agitation over which he has no power, and that which acts as a charm to-day, fails to-morrow. The nerves, that wondrous part of our wondrous being, so necessary to motion, to sensation, to intelligence, make up a very large portion of the invalid's joys and sorrows; and although this little work has not the weight of authority of a son of Esculapius, still it cannot pass by altogether a subject so important.

Difficult, nay, impossible would it be, to cite here all the forms assumed by this important element in human suffering. One of the most ordinary is *fear*—fear of pain, of the doctor's visit, of the effect of an unknown remedy, of fatigue, of annoyance, of exertion. Another form is that of *agitation*,—causeless tears, faintings or hysterics on apparently trifling occasions, leaving one in doubt whether so shattered and poor a creature will ever be trusted or appealed to again, and

making him fear that he is become utterly worthless as a friend or a brother.

Spectral illusions, strange fancies, loss of memory, defective vision, are all frequently the result of disordered nerves, and have within them that semblance of hallucination that carries dismay to the heart of the sick man. "Anything but this!" he exclaims, "anything but the terrible border-land between the real and the ideal, which to enter consciously must be agony untold."

Great debility, great shocks to the nerves, will, however, produce this haunting dread in some invalids, a dread they naturally conceal, but which feeds upon their strength, and is itself alienated by any air of mystery or secrecy in those around him. Such fears exist often where there are no grounds for them, where returning strength, sound sleep, and sound digestion, would bid all such vanish like morning clouds before the sun. But they must be acutely distressing whilst

they exist. But many invalids who have not the slightest fear for their own intelligence are much tormented by the irritability of their nerves; a mere nothing—a tone of voice—a noise in the street—the fluttering of a curtain—the rustling of a dress—the turning of a newspaper—or even the gentlest voice reading aloud, will make it impossible for them to lie still, or help their colour rising and their impatience flashing out. Others control these outward expressions, but feel the effects in a severe attack of neuralgic pain, during which it seems as if the irritating sound or torment were positively touching the quivering nerve. Tears sometimes betray and relieve the sufferings of the agitated nerves.

In many invalids, and in persons who have suffered bereavements, there is a peculiar nervous dread of seeing any one. It must be done—the person expected is a relation or a kind friend; we wish we *had* seen him, but the idea of having to do so is awful, it darkens the whole day. When

the hour draws near, we are alternately hot and cold; we start and tremble, we wish the day over, and anything to happen to prevent his coming. He comes—we are mute and cold—all we meant to say is gone; it is a relief when he goes too, after a brief and wretched visit.

The varied forms of nervous suffering are endless; some there are that attack those who are not otherwise invalids, but have a peculiar liability to these complaints. Hysterics, stammering, and those floods of causeless tears that excite so much reprobation in nervous children, are of this class. How often is a child punished for replying, "I don't know," to the question, "What are you crying for?" when it should rather be supposed guilty of a weak digestion, spine, or nerves, than of wilful melancholy. Stammering, a most painful and distressing affection, is also of this class, and generally requires physical more than mental training, though both are needed. In fact, in all these—hysterics included—early training,

early habits of mental bracing, and self-command, which inspires self-confidence, are invaluable. The woman who knows what to *do* on any emergency will be tolerably safe from hysterics. But there is a difference in temperament as well as in education; some natures are more easily than others taught not to wear "their heart upon their sleeve"—an invaluable lesson. Illness changes us all greatly, and even if our nerves have resisted great debility, or chronic disease, it may yet be reserved for them to writhe and quiver under the special ills called "neuralgic pains," which, wherever they fix themselves, cause most intense torment, and turn night into day without turning day into night, for rest is impossible. Opiates wear out, remedies avail not, everything answers the first, fails the second time, while any aid from dentist or surgeon generally increases the suffering. Nothing but great strengthening can do good; very little can even soothe or relieve; the various preparations of hashish or Indian

hemp, of chloroform and arnica, sometimes succeed.

Singularly enough, the ordinary forms of "nervousness" are very often entirely wanting in this complaint, as also in a state of over-excited nervous energy, a state which often assumes the appearance of heart complaint, liver complaint, hectic fever, &c., only of course it does not yield to the treatment employed for them, and is not aggravated by causes which would aggravate them.

Persons affected with neuralgia, superfluity of nervous energy, and even nervous fever, have been known to exert themselves upon occasions far beyond their apparent strength, and to exhibit less of what is commonly called *nervousness* than others in ordinary health. One sometimes sees the person so suffering act as a prop to a whole family or community struck by some general fear or loss. Nay, one sees them rise from their beds, and really seem to be cured by the pressure

of circumstances. Certainly they fall back into their beds afterwards, but their moral energy had its way for the time.

We are, however, more especially occupied with those whose nerves are shattered by long illness, or by sorrow, who are vexed with themselves at the small amount of self-command they can display, just as those of whom we have already spoken accuse themselves, the moment for exertion being over, of indolence and want of energy for yielding once more to the redoubled attacks of their complaint. In each case—indeed in every case, where the conscience assumes this morbid scrupulousness, we would say; Repent heartily, pray constantly. Call on God to help you to resist your special temptation, and never cease to strive, and pray, and repent, only do not waste your time and strength in sad self-contemplation. Feel your spiritual pulse, to know how it is with you, but do not sit with your eye and finger fixed dreamily upon it.

Do not, if you be troubled with illusions, spectral or mental, consider them as proofs of anything but your bodily weakness; put this also, and all its consequences, into the hand of your Master. He will not lay upon you more than you are able to bear. He calls you aside; it is that He may come unto you, and make His abode with you; try to remember how near He is, and to lean upon Him more and more. And do not fear that should He call upon you to bear some great operation, some terrible trial, or to die, that you, with your unstrung nerves, will prove a timid, worthless martyr. No; it is often seen that the habitually nervous are in such moments so admirably supported by their divine and loving Master, that a calm courage comes over them, and they bear in His strength that which they never could have borne in their own. Remember that He too suffered; the agony of suffering, of the torn and aching nerve, must be well known to Him.

For everywhere we find our suffering God,
And where he trod
May set our steps: the Cross on Calvary
Uplifted high
Beams on the martyr hosts, a beacon light
In open fight.

To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight Agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Keble, Wednesday before Easter.

CHAPTER IX.

Disfigurement.

This, with more or less of disablement, is the result of many a sickness not unto death—of many an accident, of many a constitutional weakness. And we have no hesitation in saying that it is a very heavy burden, the full weight of which can only be known to those so afflicted. For be it the loss of a sense—such as sight or hearing, or of a member of the person, as the eye, the arm, the leg, &c., or the contraction of muscles—or disease of bone—causing all sym-

metry to be lost; or the withering and deadness of the limbs; or the existence of unsightly scars, or eruptions, or stains, or marks upon the skin—the inconvenience is but part of our dismay—the disfigurement is that which we most bitterly deplore. We feel that to pain and inconvenience one may become accustomed—to distortion and disfigurement, to the strange effect we must ever after produce upon all who see us for the first time—we can never become accustomed. And it is quite true;—we never can accustom ourselves to that which is so painful, we never can forget it; we never can consider lightly or become insensible to that which must affect unpleasantly all who behold us; that must be trying to our own dear people. Never can we forget it or cease to care about it; but we may learn to value it as a mark of the mercy that lifted us up from the gates of death, and gave us more time to repent and to serve our Lord; as a burden to be borne for Him, to be carried

through life for His sake. Had Lazarus been commanded by the voice that said to him, "Lazarus come forth," had he been commanded to bear through his remaining years *any* mark or disfigurement or disablement, think you, dear friends, that he would have repined? would he have sat moodily at the feast made for His Lord? would he have chidden his sisters for rejoicing in his recovery? would he have asked "Why hast Thou raised me thus? Why not have let the grave shut her mouth upon me for evermore? Why called me back to life, a marked and ruined man, to a partial wretched existence?

Ah, no, beloved! He would have valued *any* mark from his Lord's hand; he would have carried it patiently—nay, even joyfully—as a memorial of the days when he "had been with Jesus;" he would by that potent talisman control all that was in himself contrary to the Image of that Blessed Saviour; he would cry aloud for

the help of the Holy Spirit to conform him daily more and more unto that Holy Image.

My friends, all we who are thus burdened, shall we not thus look upon our burden? Sometimes, when we read that in the Mosaic law, that which was lame or halt or imperfect might not be offered in sacrifice, we doubt if our outward imperfections do not render us less fit to consider ourselves the Lord's, forgetting that He is Himself the Sacrifice as well as the High Priest, and that His mark was marked and His name named upon us before we were burdened with aught but sin. Sin is the only blemish that can separate between us and our God—all else may draw us nearer. Let us then make use of our personal misfortunes, as a constant memento of His mercy to us in preserving our lives, and of our solemn duty to live thenceforth as doubly dedicated to Him. Thus shall we learn to bear, even gladly, the desolate-looking portion of the disfigured or disabled.

CHAPTER X.

Restlessness and Impatience.

Amongst all the personal and peculiar trials of sickness, there are perhaps none more wearing to the sick person and to his attendants, than restlessness and impatience. Not only restlessness of body but of mind also. And it is common to almost all diseases, in some stage or other; to all where there is, and to many where there is not, fever; to many at their commencement, to some at their close, while every one has noticed it in convalescence after the first

delightful dawn of recovery. How wretched it is to the sufferer no words can tell; he feels that if he could but remain quiet he should be better, yet to remain quiet is impossible. Children suffer exceedingly from this cause, and they have not the moral strength that can enable them to put any restraint upon themselves; simple obedience will do much, however, but one is anxious not to burden their little consciences with commands above their strength. Anodynes sometimes increase this restlessness, and want of sleep and want of repose wrestle hard with the peace of the mind and temper, and unless faith and patience are very vigilant will betray the citadel to sin.

It sometimes happens also that sick persons are thrown amongst those who are not kind nor thoughtful, or who mean to be so, but are naturally noisy, careless, and disorderly. Such an atmosphere will of course promote restlessness and consequent impatience. The discomforts of

travelling—the strange beds, the unusual look, feel, and taste about everything, excite a feeling of agitating restlessness in the weak and suffering. Many know it is wrong to give way to their excessive delicacy and love of nicety, order, and quiet; but they do feel as if sleep and appetite were for ever banished by the decree that carries them to a noisy land, far from their own quiet comfortable rooms and beds and their accustomed repasts.

A little thing, scarcely felt by one person, is a torment, and a haunting torment, to another—a fly in the soup will make one sick, even faint with hunger rather than eat again all day; another will take out the fly, or change his plate, and never think about it again. All men have not the same command or calm of nerve, and it is not to discourage but to warn such as are naturally delicate even to fastidiousness, that there is a temptation to them in their sojourn in foreign lands, and more

particularly in the East, where there is much to endure.

However, there is also that restlessness, "with all appliances and means to boot," that depends upon the state of the system, and not upon external causes, and this habit is powerless to cure. This kind of restlessness it is that sometimes induces an invalid to try all the hotels in a town, all the physicians, finding rest nowhere, in no person: the fault is in themselves—the body is diseased, the mind is perhaps anchorless—neither can steady the other, both drift and flutter helplessly. In certain stages of chest disease we see a longing most urgent for change of place, from one land to another, or from town to town, or from room to room, or at last from bed to sofa-chair, and bed again. While this kind of restlessness reigns in the body, and is combined with great lassitude, there is sometimes, but by no means always, a corresponding irritability of temper and

great impatience of the slightest obstacle to our wishes or neglect of them.

Sometimes the spirit is calm and gentle, and sets itself steadily to face and subdue the restlessness of the body by an effort of the will. Physical remedies are not to be despised, but they are much aided by this disposition of mind. Crossing the feet and folding the hands, let us determine not to move until we have listened to a strain of music, or repeated a psalm, or a verse or two if we can do no more. When the temper is disturbed, and impatient looks and words have grieved those around us, then must the confession full and fervent not be delayed—then must reparation be made, forgiveness asked; and how low in deep contrition and self-abasement must we fall at the foot of the Cross, praying for pardon and forgiveness there also, and not only forgiveness for this offence, but strength to fight and combat this impatient, irritable temper. It is often a besetting sin of the

character, often of the disease; in either case it must be steadily combated. Many think they suffer patiently, and bear well their sorrow and their pain, because they do not openly murmur at the burden laid upon them; but they take no account of their impatience under its contingent evils. They say, "It is well" of the blow that destroys the tree; but "It is ill," when they pick up the splinters into which it is shivered.

And while we must consider egotism, impatience, despondency, &c., as peculiarly the besetting sins of illness, so we must not suppose ourselves freed by their assaults from our own habitual evil tendencies. If, for instance, our principal temptation when in health be pride or vanity, deceit or indolence, we shall not be wise to suppose ourselves freed from them because they are masked for a time by temptations peculiar to our state. Nay, if our illness last very long, it is highly probable that we may find our

old enemies quite as active as ever. At first there seemed to be no room for them, but as we become accustomed to our fate, pride at first so humbled begins to revive, or vanity so crushed expands again, or hypocrisy once so impossible finds scope for her powers and assumes her varied garbs again.

In the sick room we need to be armed at all points. A man who puts on a hospital dress, is not supposed to put on new qualities and virtues with it. He is the same man in a new position, which by God's blessing may end by making him a very different man on leaving, to what he was on entering those walls; but if he imagined his hospital dress to be the only wedding garment required, we should one and all be amazed at his ignorance, or shocked at his impiety. Yet, if we acknowledge that the mere fact of being an invalid removed from his ordinary haunts, can make no radical change in him, can we tell why it should do so in ourselves? Yet do we not

often speak and act as if illness had some miraculous power, by virtue of which those who rose from their beds with unsubdued tempers and self-indulgent habits are carried back to them gentle, patient, self-denying—heavenly in mind and disposition?

No, we must never trust to this. Illness removes us from our every day trials, it does not remove our every day tempers and habits, but it does place us in fresh temptation. It gives us an urgent call to consider our ways, and a little more time than usual for doing so—a little more time, but not so very much as we are apt to imagine, for illness has its own occupations, and though the day is weary enough, it is often tolerably fully employed; at all events, we must not trust to its leisure, for the long hours we think we shall have may be past in bitter pain, or unconscious stupor, or delirious ravings. Let us then fight whilst yet we can against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and when the last

hours draw near, strength for their peculiar trials—their despondency, their restlessness, or their fears will be granted to us, for our blessed Lord's sake. Amen.

CHAPTER XI.

Humiliation.

It has been often said that sickness is humiliating. No doubt it is so. The loss of self-dependency is in itself humiliating, to have to depend upon the kind offices of others for everything, is very trying to the pride and to the self-will of man. But there are also feelings in our nature that shrink from exposing to others anything of disease or decay, that shrink more especially from making others endure the disagreeables inseparable from disease and decay.

The air of a sick room is in some cases very trying to the nerves. And when the invalid is aware of this, and yet is obliged to require close attendance and offices that only the love of gain, or a Christian charity will render, truly it is no wonder that tears of anguish roll down the pale cheeks, and that the thin brow contracts with mental pain. Yet this also is from the Lord. Perhaps this is one of the hardest lessons the invalid has to learn, and learn it he must in any long gradual illness, though infinitely more severely in some than in others. "We cannot die like the flowers;"—very few of us indeed do so, and even they must be carried quietly out of sight and hidden deep in their quiet graves, saying unto corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister. It is even so, and there is yet another humiliation: we become as it were the property of others—our plans, our state of mind and body are discussed (we know it) by

many who do, and by many who do not, enter into our views respecting them. We may truly say that "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," for this is one very great item therein; nay, more, we are often shut out from many interests, many affairs in which we should like to be consulted, and to give our advice or sympathy. But an over-care judges us unfit to be "burdened with them;" alas! the greater burden is this humiliation of having fallen from our estate, and become a care and a burden ourselves, instead of being, as before, one to lift cares off others, and to help to bear their burdens.

And this too is of the Lord. It comes from Him with a special message to us. It was needed for our pride or self-will, or ambitious nature, or love of self-dependence, or our self-complacency. Illness often places us—illness in a foreign land more especially—in positions where we must owe largely to the Christian kindness of our neighbours for comfort and aid not to be had upon any

other terms, and which we never, never can hope to repay but with our grateful love and fond and fervent prayers.

And this too is humiliating, and this also is of the Lord. Oh Pride, where is there room for thee? Thou art nothing now, oh Man, once so vain! thou hast nothing now, oh being, once so proud! thou canst do nothing now, oh once enterprising spirit! thou art a burden to thyself and to others, oh, once active body! Accept it all, all as part of thy cross, as part of thy probation, and remember thy Saviour's greater humiliation and greater sufferings. Think of Him, the Divine, enduring evil treatment—and of thyself, the sinful, enduring merciful treatment. Think of God dying as man for thee, and lift up thine head, for through His death, thy dying burdensome body shall attain unto His Resurrection. Oh, glorious thought, glorious to all Christians, but especially so to those afflicted with loathsome or disfiguring ills, to those whose death-beds are

surrounded with even more than common humiliation. Their sorrow can never be like unto His sorrow, but they shall be made partakers of His Resurrection. To them even more than to others, ring out full and sweet the promises;—"It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body."—1 Cor. xv. If ye then be indeed already spiritually risen with Christ, seek, and think deeply upon those things which are above, and take courage to endure your present humiliation, not in a hard and proud, but in a gentle, humble spirit, looking for the blessed day of your release from them by recovering, if God so will, or by a recall to your heavenly Home, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

CHAPTER XII.

The Loneliness of Invalids.

Though we do all that human power can do for our beloved invalids, we cannot prevent their feeling the loneliness of their state. It is not only that they are isolated, each by the circumstances of his peculiar case, from much of our daily life; it is not only that weakness of itself creates a peculiarity. Nor is it only the infinite variety of suffering, so that no two cases are exactly parallel, and that each one, falling upon a different temperament and

organization, produces new results. No; it is more than all this. All these are elements of loneliness; but it has a deeper and more hidden root than all these. Of all men it is true that their inner life must be solitary; of the sick more especially so. Of them, more than of all others, that

> Not even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
> Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh.

The whole shade and colouring of life is so altered by illness—even by slight illness—that we cannot enter into the inner chamber of the sick. That sudden sharp illness that took him from the midst of us, has shown him things we have not yet seen; that fearful accident carried him over a crevasse the dizzy depths of which our eye has never measured.

Or, has his illness—his weak state—lasted long? Has he more than once seemed to be departing rapidly, and revived, or has he been

slowly but steadily declining, and knows that he is never to be again a strong free man? Here the very length and duration—the *habit* of illness and of its ways of looking upon suffering and death—render it impossible that others should enter into his tone of thought. His visitors, perhaps, think that he does not see his case in all its bearings, and in its true light, because he speaks of it but little, or cheerfully, or not at all.

Let us each note that which jars upon ourselves in such cases, when we are ourselves sick, in order to avoid the same should we ever be raised up again to minister unto others. A tender sympathy, a true tact will enable us to be sincere and yet sustaining in all we say and *look*, and cheering but not oppressive to those we visit.

> Cheerful as morning lark—yet mild
> As evening blackbird's full-toned lay.
> Keble's St. Simon and St. Jude.

Such is the beautiful description of a fit com-

panion for the faint and weary. If I quote frequently the author of these lines, it is because I know no one uninspired whose music sings so true—so ever-welcome—on the ear.

It is one great point, in order to be such a visitor and companion as is here described, to admit to ourselves fully that we are not able to enter completely into the invalid's soul. Admitting him fully and freely to our interests, if he be disposed to take part in them, we shall not treat him as unfit to be of our councils, but we shall respect his desire for occasional solitude, we shall remember that his state is unlike ours, and we shall not be surprised if he prefer reading and praying in perfect solitude if unable to attend church — nay, if he find even family worship produce too great and painful an exertion for his state. God only knows what are the prayers that go up to Him in secret from the tried and weary heart. God only sees its longing to be alone with Him, to confess the sins, the

faithlessness, the weariness of the day past, and the effort that it has been to wear a smooth and cheerful presence among those who have formed

The kind companionship of day.

For the sake of them, however, and in order to avoid the great dangers of self-concentration and exclusiveness, he will strive to take part in the religious as well as in the lighter life of his family, though it is far more difficult because it stirs emotions that he would fain keep out of sight—stirs them, indeed, and painfully; but he will find that it stills them afterwards, and that he and his friends will be the happier for the removal of part of his reserve. They cannot but fear lest the heart so silent towards them be silent before God also.

We have spoken of an invalid surrounded by a family religious in form and spirit; but far different is the case when the blow falls upon a giddy member of a giddy tribe. Then indeed

lonely is the struggle in his own mind—lonely the wakening to the reality of the Unseen—lonely the whole way but for his blessed Saviour's supporting tenderness and care. In every case, indeed, the tears of repentance, the renewed and fervent confessions of sins long forgotten now standing startlingly distinct before the eyes—the confession of broken vows, and of neglect of privileges and ordinances—these are ever hidden from all but God. But beyond and after this there is frequently a deep and utter sense of loneliness, either, as we have just said, from the family being averse to serious subjects—or loving them, from their not understanding all the phases they assume to the sick man—not entering into the moods of his mind. Let him seek relief in prayer, and in the sympathy of Him Whose loneliness was far greater than that of any of His servants can be. "I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with me" are His words. Who, indeed,

was ever so alone? Did anyone on earth rightly deem of Him or of His office? "Wist ye not?" is His reply to His mother.

To the very hour of His expiring upon the Cross—nay, even after His Resurrection—His disciples, dismayed and confounded, understood not the things that concerned Him. Was not His loneliness complete? And what must it have been to a Perfect Soul—to an Infinite Intelligence—to be surrounded for three-and-thirty years with sin, with ignorance, with blind folly!

Truly, as seen, His loneliness was utter. Yet had He not intercourse with the Father? Was He not still of the blessed Trinity in Unity? Had He not spiritual sympathy?

Beloved, it is this that He offers to us. He desires that we be transformed into His Holy Image. He makes us like unto Himself first through suffering. He draws us aside and gives us that into which others cannot enter—hopes, fears, and work, with which they have not yet to

do, in order that, feeling that He alone can understand us, we may gain more and more faith in Him—trusting wholly our all to Him—becoming more entirely one with Him. To Him are open all our weaknesses, our former, our latter, our habitual, sins. He is more tender than a brother, because he is more perfect. A brother could not know *all* and love on; Christ our Lord and Master

> Knows all, yet loves us better than He knows.
> Keble, xxiv. Sunday after Trinity.

But there is another case yet in which the invalid feels much his loneliness. It is when he alone, taught by God and by his own secret feelings, knows that the end of his illness is death. He knows it well; he feels it; he is ready. He desires not prolonged life; his heart is one with God; he desires "to depart and to be with Christ which is far better." But he is not alone, and his family cannot believe recovery to

be impossible. He knows not how to destroy their hopes; he hints—he even says—that they are mistaken; that his hour is come; that he is called to a Home of Peace; but they cannot give up hope. Their earnest, constant, and sanguine prophecies almost make his convictions waver, almost make him believe that they are, as he is assured they are, part of his complaint. He is disturbed—uncertain—lonely. But in the silent watches of the night, and in the hours of solitude, returns the full force of the decree; "Thy warfare is ended!" He is happier so. The uncertainty all departs; he is at peace; his spirit mounts more gladly on the wings of prayer and praise when he shackles it with no "*If* I recover." His present sufferings seem to draw him but the nearer to his Lord, and to have their full meaning mirrored in his soul. He is happy, and others on seeing him remark on the peace of his countenance. He is not lonely when alone. He has read his Lord's Will, and his own is perfectly

acquiescent. Even the pain of leaving his beloved ones can be—must be—endured for his Lord's sake. We must all die alone, and it is to prepare us for this that we are first isolated in body, and then in mind, from those around us. When at last this gradual decay convinces his friends of the truth, his loneliness is much relieved—they share his hopes; their natural grief still prevents their entering fully into his mind, but the most perfect intercourse they have ever enjoyed seems, notwithstanding grief and pain, and utter prostration of strength, to be now beginning. Never can they forget those exquisitely tender, touching, heart-rending, last days—perhaps weeks. At last the bright spirit cuts the last thread that holds it down, and leaves them—more than ever aware how beautiful was all they have lost,—but sure that to him loneliness and pain are past; faith is swallowed up in sight!

CHAPTER XIII.

Loneliness.

Part II.

There is no man likeminded.—Phil., ii., 20.

We have spoken of the loneliness of the sick man even when surrounded by his family, within reach of his Church's ministrations and services, because even then he is lonely. We now proceed to speak of those who certainly will consider themselves to be still more so. There are those who are alone in a foreign land,

still perhaps near others of their Church and tongue, but whom circumstances have separated from their own immediate circle; they fall ill, they are well and tenderly cared for, but of their own kindred there is none near them, and they will not send for them; the illness increases; death draws near—are they lost in self-pity? no! they draw near unto their God, and He draws nigh unto them; they do not murmur, they feel that it is well thus, that He is there and there is none beside Him; their Church lends her aid, the friends they have made lend theirs. The sick man rejoices to think that the pain of hearing he is gone from them is all the pain he shall ever now cause his beloved ones at home. He confesses before God the sins of which he has been guilty towards his family; he writes or dictates to them a similar confession, with an assurance of his grateful love to them and of his peace in his Divine Saviour, and so he dies. Or perhaps he is further yet

away,—in a vessel on the deep sea, or in a place in a far land where no man can speak his tongue or write a word for him. Here then is outwardly utter loneliness. But he has still his Bible—there he finds comfort and relief, hope for the surging unrest of his soul, and support under his bodily sufferings. If Christians surround him he will ask them to pray in their own way for him; but if, like many a poor missionary, he be alone in the midst of heathens or foes, he dies the death of a martyr, and the God of the martyr will draw close to him and sustain his courage in that last awful hour. Awful indeed it is whenever and wherever it approaches us; most awful, but most simple also, when it draws near to us thus utterly alone. Fewer are the contending feelings, hope is more quickly and resolutely shut out, the truth more plainly visible, more directly confronted. Alone with God, then are we least alone. Earth has already passed away, our Lord is all in all.

Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun,
But there sight fails, no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.

Keble.

But perhaps he is not to die; perhaps after lying in the solemn expectation of his final hour, he slowly returns to life, to a partial existence; he is no longer *in danger*, but he cannot recover; he can but linger on—a hopeless disease has laid its grasp upon him, and though he rise again from his bed it is but for a time, and he is sorely tempted to doubt the mercy of such recovery. Lonely indeed is he now: his occupation gone, he must quit those among whom he had lately dwelt; he shrinks from summoning his own dear people; but his heart is very heavy, very lonely. He must wander forth, sick, feeble, doomed to die—and begin life again at its ebbing close.

Many, many who fall ill in the houses of others know well the bitterness of these feelings—the loneliness of such way-farers. But the Lord's

mercy *is* mercy, nevertheless: either He has more work for us to do, or we were not as ready as we fondly fancied ourselves to enter into His Rest. If St. Paul could give thanks for his friend and fellow-disciple, when he was raised up from sickness nigh unto death, surely we may infer that if we are thus raised up we ought also to be thankful. I do not say as some do, that all feeling of *disappointment* at recovery after death has been steadily faced, is unnatural and exaggerated—far from it; there is a very natural feeling in the heart of man to rejoice when the worst is over, and to fear that next time his faith and courage may be lower, or the flood higher, or he may be unconscious of his state. Still there may be presumption in supposing that we were really ready—that there was no need of greater vigilance, greater penitence. Let us remark, that now, at all events, if we neglect a warning so palpable we shall be without excuse; let us redouble every effort, and, whether still alone

or not, strive so to live as to be ever ready to quit all and rejoice to be with our Lord. Thus, though ever alone, we shall never be lonely, and when the hour arrives of increased illness and approaching death we shall indeed experience the loneliness peculiar to them; but even that, also, shall be lightened to us by the long habit of looking upon our life as held in our hand to be yielded up at any moment with the glad chant, Glory be to thee, O God!

CHAPTER XIV.

Memory.

Lightly, briefly must we touch upon this one great chapter of invalid expatriation. Briefly, because, notwithstanding its vast importance and extent, there is but little to be done, little advice to be given, and, alas! but little consolation—and lightly, because it is too deep and sacredly personal a fountain to be troubled by every intruder. Sometimes, indeed, God wills that an angel, even the angel of the Lord, use it to heal the sick estranged soul. Sometimes when warn-

ings, and sorrows, and sickness have all been sent to lead some poor wandering sheep to the fold, and all have seemed to have been sent in vain,—the springs of memory are troubled, and some far distant prayer or teaching, a mother's voice, or a pastor's blessing, comes back on the spray of that fountain, reflects the light of day into the depths, and when the troubling and seething of the water subsides, behold it is fit to reflect the beams of the Sun of Righteousness,—the soul is washed from its guilt, and is whole of the disease, the sore disease it had. Sometimes, the stings of memory are so severe, that they even cause the weak and desponding invalid to doubt of his final acceptance. What then can tranquillize and reassure him? One look to the Cross of Christ, one fervent call upon that Lord who has promised to save those who unfeignedly trust Him. This, as we have seen in treating of despondency, this is a sure and certain promise from which there will be no drawing back. Only

let us be very sure we trust Him, and not ourselves; not our good works, not our moral character, not our religious observances. But it is chiefly in his affections that memory tortures the exiled invalid. Anxiety for those he loves, fear for them, suspicions that their endurance of such and such evils is concealed from him, longings to penetrate each word of a letter, as if it might reveal, if properly interrogated, the real state of heart and health of the writer. In sleep he often finds himself among them, looking on sweet fair faces, sparkling with intellect and affection, listening to dear voices, and recounting all that has passed, detailing plans and projects for the future. Ah, those tones are to his ear

Most musical, most melancholy,

for through all he feels that he must not stay, that he is there but upon furlough, that the day of his return is near and inevitable. Life seems to

rush violently through his veins while he yet hears and sees them, and with the effort to tell them he must go, he must bid them farewell once more, he awakes. He awakes—his heart is full of tears to find he is not there, yet glad also that he need not quit them, that the deed is done. He who has done that deed once, will dread repeating it. Sometimes in sleep he lives over again forgotten scenes of early life, with those who are no more; he feels the childish passion, jealousy, or peevishness, or mischievous enjoyment of some disaster, or that strange half joy, half awe of a child in the presence of events in his family or country, the first feeling of experience in life, of living such biography or history as he finds in books—strange, wild, vague delight, that can come but once or twice. He wakes, and the feeling of greater nearness to his own dear people remains with him the whole day; but there is a tincture of remorse with it—he finds himself continually studying some one character

among them, now seen in a brighter, clearer light than of old; he longs to confess his own infirmity and the new sense he has of the excellence of that character, quieter and less self-asserting perhaps than his own, and which was perhaps less valued in our impetuous youth than others more showy and brilliant. But now its steady, constant light has become a bright, clear object to look back upon, and he contrasts it perhaps with his own less well-defined individuality. Or he lives over again, sleeping and waking, the scenes of his early life and remembers with yet more grateful and intelligent tenderness than ever before, the nature of his parents' rule over him—the wisdom, the depth, the beauty of their love, and the many burdens he laid upon them by his sins and follies, his slowness to learn, his readiness to forget the great lessons they were day by day instilling. But no blemish of temper or character chilled or dimmed their love. What mother is ever less loving to her afflicted child, than to the strong

and beautiful ones of her flock? Nay, she has for the afflicted a deeper, a godlike tenderness, which extends even to the wayward and unlovely in temper, as well as in person.

And all these thoughts are busy with the exiled invalid, who feels how probable it is that his home shall never receive him again. As they fasten upon him, he thinks it marvellous that so much love and care should be shown to him; as his illness increases, and the prospect of his return becomes more shadowy and distant, he longs yet more to return to it, be it but to say "I repent;" and to receive again the blessing and the forgiveness of each and all. Should he live some years in exile, and not behold his own land, while changes pass upon those whom he left there, and many grieve and some rejoice; and some are born to earth and some pass away; each event, as he hears of it, strikes fire to a long train of recollections—reminds him of many to whom he is as dead. Yes, by many he is for-

gotten; but this is endurable—a natural consequence of long absence. But least endurable of all is the feeling that he no longer forms part of the daily home life—the dread that *there* are sorrows and anxieties, which he is helpless to relieve, indeed of which he cannot know till long after they have occurred. No matter how full, how constant and tender be the correspondence from home, this is a spectre that will haunt the exiled one.

Again memory bids us remember our selfish carelessness, our coldness; our want of sympathy, of tenderness, of quickness to understand, of tact, of judgment; our self-concentration, while yet we were in the home to which we now look back with such fond regret.

> Nemesis, not Mnemosyne,
> Shouldst thou in truth be named.

And then she suggests also, and this in softer tones, the compassionate thoughtfulness, the

watchful love of those at home, and their sleepless anxiety for us. But we can take but small comfort in this. All serves but to increase the bitterness of our absence.

Yes, dear reader; but Who willeth your absence? Who hath—perhaps purposely in mercy to your beloved ones and yourself—taken you away from being "necessary" to their daily life, before removing you altogether? Pray therefore for submission to this, as to part of your discipline, and if it must be that you die without again seeing your beloved ones, pray to your Divine Saviour for strength to bear this cross also. It is a heavy one. He who trod the wine-press alone, best knoweth how heavy; but it is not insufferable. He who sends it can give strength to bear it.

Let the visitations of Memory suggest deep penitence, lower thoughts of ourselves, and higher, nobler ones of those whom God hath given to us; fond, ardent prayers for them, and honest

confessions of our sins and faults committed before God and before man,—but not morbid and ceaseless self-accusations. Let us deal with memory as with a remedy, not as an aliment. Occupation and study will be useful in all cases of morbid self-contemplation, of which this may become one; active service for others *now*, slight and small as it may be, will prove a tonic to our minds, and prevent their being overwhelmed by those constantly-recurring and painful recollections.

Yet let us not neglect their warnings. Let us remember them in all our dealings with those of our family who are still with us, and with the friends and companions we may have made of late years. It sometimes happens that an invalid is from family reasons obliged to reside with comparative or total strangers; to be received into a family party, to join one or two companions, to be in a new position—neither surrounded by his own people, nor alone and inde-

pendent among strangers, nor a dependent member of a household, but an added and yet integral portion of a circle, some members of which may certainly prove uncongenial. Let us, if such be our case, bear with these uncongenial characters, be they companions or attendants, meekly, for the Lord's sake and for the sake of those at home, concerning whom we have to reproach ourselves. Thus shall we profit by the stings of memory; we may show kindness and gentleness to the person whose manner or character frets us, sympathy to all around us; we may strive to do good to all, and we may pray for all. Then, if the Lord will that we die among them, we shall have planted no bitter thoughts in their hearts; and if He will that we do after all return to our own dear people, we shall have learnt better to requite their love. Gladly shall we then hasten to repair if possible the breaches of our ancient love, and strengthen its bonds. How shall we then rejoice in that which we have found unvarying, unceasing,

"true as steel," strong and stedfast, and how shall we then cover it with the plenitude of our grateful hearts, and though we may but visit the graves of some dear forms, and of some dear affections—passed away, passed from sight, we know that in Faith we may say ever, "I believe in the Communion of Saints."

CHAPTER XV.

Anxiety and Bereavement.

It is sometimes seen that those whose health exiles them from their native land are much tried by anxiety for those whom they have left. It is indeed difficult to trust them entirely to Him whom we can trust so fully and fearlessly for ourselves. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," is more easily said than "Though He slay my beloved, yet will I trust in Him." And if in our long absence some one most tenderly beloved be exposed to sorrow, be

seized by violent illness, or pass through some of those phases of life that set their seal upon young brows and trace lines of thought round young lips—how bitterly do we feel our absence.

There may be dismay and death in our home, and we are not there to give our aid to stem the torrent or bear the pain; there may be, nay, there is, a beloved head laid on its last pillow, as it seems, and we are not there to join the prayers going up all around it. Nay, we know not of its danger until it be raised up again. Our life rolled on as usual in security, or with no fears but for ourselves, while the dearest eyes we know on earth were bathed in tears, the truest, tenderest hearts wrung with anguish! Oh, is not our soul wrung to think of it! Is there not something of self-accusation in the blinding tears we shed over the mingled tale of sorrow and thanksgiving—of the illness and the recovery—when it at length reaches us?

Yet those who have left home at the express

wish of their family, and in pity to their alarm and anxiety, need have no such pangs of remorse and self-reproach. They must take this sorrow as part of the trial laid upon them, and pray for more faith to *trust*. Difficult indeed is it to trust again after one such shock; it needs earnest faith and earnest prayer to restore anything like repose to the mind; often indeed does the bodily health suffer, and the disease seem to increase. Yet not for this should invalids be kept in ignorance, for such a suspicion would infallibly injure them more than any positive sorrow. Uncertainty and suspense often shake the balance of the mind and nerves, more than some forms of loss and sorrow.

But if faith and prayer be needed to enable us to endure anxiety, what shall we say of actual bereavement? It is sad to think of our beloved ones in pain and anguish, and we not there to bear their burden, and cheer them with our affection and care; it is sadder still to think that

their place shall know them no more, and that their names as well as ours are among the forever absent! It is indeed most bitter to think of the grief that now sits in the home so dear to us. Each one of the dear faces passes before us veiled in sorrow. We see, in fancy, the remaining and surviving members press together fondly, and cheer and aid each other, or strive to do so, while each voice trembles and each eye grows dim; we see them kneel together in the sick-room—in the darkened home when all is over—by the open grave—day by day in the familiar places where the light of day is once more admitted, to be never more reflected in the dear eyes hid from us for ever. We see them seek comfort in the Holy Communion—see their tears flow as they give thanks for all those "departed this life in God's faith and fear," and we see them arise comforted, strengthened, and refreshed, to take up life again, and to go forth to their daily work, more tenderly knit

together in love, for all the pain they have passed through together, and even more than before "of each other sure," for all the aid and consolation they sought and found together, and have mutually yielded.

And we were not there! All was gone through, and we were unconscious of their anguish, and of the passing away of one so loved. Neither to them, nor to the dear one passed away, could we even so much as kneel for forgiveness for the sins, the wrongs, the blindness, the coldness, the unconsciousness of their struggles and of their sufferings, that made up so large a portion of our daily lives among them. And when we are long absent, or are separated from them for ever, these things haunt us, memory is at liberty to record faithfully all our short-comings in the great parts played by each in the drama of human life, as child or parent, brother, husband, wife, friend, or teacher. Had we known or seen at the time all that we know and see now, how far more truly

should we have judged them and ourselves. How small and ordinary appears the compass of our own minds, measured by the actions, thoughts and feelings memory now recalls, and by the manner in which we acted the parts assigned to us. And now one of those we loved, yet towards whom we were often cardless and ungrateful, if not actually unkind—is gone from us. Others were able to relieve their aching hearts by deeds and words of love, if not by positive confession and entreaties for forgiveness, they could tend the expiring body with gentle care; they could sustain the fluttering spirit by their ministrations and prayers. But we—we can never, never again do aught for him we loved. The hope long cherished of one day returning, owning our transgressions, and proving our love, is gone for ever. He can never know on earth the real depth and warmth of our love for him.

But there is here also another thought, "We shall soon be reunited." There is one more added

to those gone before, we have one less to mourn for us on earth, one more to greet in heaven. It is for the survivors that we weep most bitterly; that this sorrow has come upon them in addition to their anxiety for us; that this loss has made another vacancy in the home life, planted another pang in those dear, loving, trusting hearts.

Whether we are alone, or have other members of the family with us, we feel how small and thin the party at home must find themselves, and we are at first more occupied with their sorrow than with our own. Afterwards, as in all deep sorrow, it seems to spread and grow by looking on it; we feel as if part of our life and memory had already passed into the grave, and made it easier for the rest to follow. So indeed it should be—every link of the chain drawn up into heaven, ought to raise the rest; every member of a colony who returns to his fatherland, seems to shake the hearts of all the remainder with passionate longings to depart thither also. If only we loved

Heaven as we love our fatherland! May our Eternal Lord God and Saviour come near to all bereaved hearts, and more especially to those in a foreign land, and make them desire as earnestly as they desire their own land—more earnestly than they desire their own land—a "Better Country even an heavenly," a Home whose "Builder and Maker is God," and the Lord Jesus Christ is the Light thereof.

And again, it sometimes happens that anxiety and bereavement come upon the invalid in the very midst of his own little party. Sickness, and even death, falls upon the little household,—brought to that place for his sake—and he must lie still with folded hands and beating heart, to see one of his dear ones suffer and pass away far from the remaining members of his family. The invalid must see all this, unable to bear a part in the added cares of his little household, unable to do anything to soothe or save the dearly loved one, who is dying before his eyes in

a foreign land, for his sake! Is it wonderful if he cry out that it is more than he can bear, that he is the cause of all, and a misery to his family, that all will accuse him as he accuses himself. And yet no;—he will, he must remember, that life and death are in the hand of the Lord, and that He divideth to every man severally as He will. There is therefore no room for morbid feeling here either, but only for humble submission to Almighty God, and earnest, ceaseless prayers for the dear departing spirit—for the anxious watchers, and for the lonely band at home, whose hearts will indeed be crushed when the sad news reaches them.

Such a picture is sad, is heart-rending; yet such cases occur; and there is none that may speak peace, save He Who wounds to heal. When the survivors depart, their mournful task accomplished, it is probable they will leave two graves in that foreign land; yet sore stricken and faint with sorrow as they may be, they will yet

rejoice if those they leave there, "rest in hope of a joyful Resurrection," they will cling to that promise, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

The Resurrection and the Life
Am I: believe, and die no more.

Unchang'd that voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.

KEBLE.

Thoughts for Invalids.

CHAPTER I.

On the Uses of Suffering.

Or, I might say, on the Uses of Invalids, for this is one of the most frequent complaints made by them — "To be lying here, useless!" Dear friends, laid on your quiet sick-beds — you especially who generally lead an active life, and know that your place as parent, teacher, servant, workman, physician, or minister, is but ill supplied—do you really think your absence useless? Nay; as a mere matter of moral economics, may not the absence of the

general prop teach the leaning members to stand alone? You do not wish this, very possibly; neither have you planned or accomplished it. But One greater and wiser has done so; be sure, therefore, that it shall turn to your good, and to the good of those who depended upon you. Were you not also too well pleased to be thus necessary? Were you not glad to be so indispensable? Did not your avocations encroach much upon your thoughts—your time for prayer and for meditation? Is it not well for you to be thus called out of your hard-working busy life to commune with your own heart? Try to profit by the opportunity; endeavour to cast upon God the anxiety you naturally feel about your own worldly prospects, and about those of whom you were the chief support.

These things do, I know, sadly harass and perplex the mind of many a poor invalid, and our foe, who is ever ready to keep us far from God, uses them often as ties to keep our thoughts in

this present world, instead of letting them soar to our Heavenly Home. But do not listen to him, do not let him succeed in drawing your mind away. Call upon God for help to lay aside all earthly cares, and accept His Will wholly. Then proceed to bathe your soul in the waters of repentance and self-examination, and study to keep it as much as possible quiet and submissive. I do not mean to imply that it is, or will be, *new* to you to employ confession or self-examination. I could indeed hope that some time every day has been found for these and other devotions—but in sickness we have more time, and more also to do.

It is by no means the fact that religious duties are easier when one is ill. They are felt to be more urgent and more intensely interesting, perhaps, but the suffering body certainly rather clogs than aids the aspiring soul. Let no one postpone forming religious habits under the impression that they will "come by nature" with

sickness. The very reverse is the case. Indolence, the greatest of all barriers to any great attainments, either spiritual or intellectual, is not likely to disappear before a sudden or gradual failure of strength; true it does so in chronic weakness sometimes, but not in acute disease.

Study then, being ill, to keep up, and if possible increase your daily devotions; but dismiss, as far as you possibly can, your daily avocations and anxieties. Or, if you must still bear your part in them, pray for strength to bear them without neglecting your spiritual concerns. And, if your illness continue or increase, do not let the dread of being useless discourage you. He who prays in secret is never useless. This you can do; let the light but be in you, burning and lighting up your own spirit with comfort and right understanding of the things that belong unto your peace, and be very sure your influence and example must be as useful as your active exertions could be. Only let them not be your

first object or they will be valueless. Seek *first* the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all those things shall be added unto you.

This is, perhaps, more especially the case in a foreign land; the trial is harder because the value of each unit is more felt where there are few of each nation, and the force of example and influence is perhaps more extended.

Let us carefully watch our words and ways, therefore, for the sake of our God, our Church, our Nation, and those with whom we live; let our daily habits of devotion, of morality, of temper, of kindliness, of unselfishness, be carefully tended. The sick feel that they can do but little for others, they may therefore be the more careful to offend none; their time may be short for great acts of devotedness, for life-long services, but they may avoid giving pain, they may give kindly sympathy, and by their prayers, their example, their influence, their gentle cheerful

bearing, they may prove a steady mild light that lighteth all the house.

One of the great uses of suffering is, then, to rekindle the warmth and energy of our religion; another is to warn and influence others by our example that suffering must come to each in turn and may be received as a blessing; another, that the affections and unselfish kindness of those around us may be called forth; and another, and a very great one, may be to teach us, should we recover, how to estimate and to deal with the sufferings of others. There are many things in sickness and in sorrow known only to those who have passed through sickness and sorrow. Such as have had this experience, and have suffered aright, are generally more tender, more patient, and sympathizing, than persons whose lives have been hitherto unchequered.

And the hope of such a result would to some be enough to make *any* trial welcome. But besides all these uses and advantages, pain braces the

soul; sorrow and suffering rightly borne become an experience gained; a something of force and endurance is imparted by them to the whole character; and he who has ever felt how near to him was his Lord in the hours of the dread conflict, will never think he has passed through one too many.

CHAPTER II.

The Labours of Invalids.

Having much to say upon the Occupation of those invalids, who, from the state of their health or other causes, have difficulty in finding wherewith to employ their time and thoughts, we cannot omit speaking of those who, far from feeling any such need, have, on the contrary, very much more to do than their strength is equal to performing, and who, whether from poverty or other circumstances, are so placed that they feel bound nevertheless to struggle on,

if by any means they can do so, and not utterly faint and fall beneath the burden.

Many authors, public men and others have felt this; many mothers of families, rich and poor, themselves the prop and centre of numerous hearts, needs, and interests—their strength sapped by some sorrow, anxiety, or by physical exhaustion, fearing each morning not to be able to go on till the eventide, yet bearing up bravely still—invalids more truly than many in their beds, yet obliged to struggle on. So, too, those concealing dread diseases are often known to do until just before the last agony. Thus, too, has many a young girl silently passed into the "quiet and weary woman," with all her illusions flown, her health broken, her rest gone, her nerves racked with incessant pain—sharpening all her senses to morbid acuteness—yet labouring bravely at her vocation, be it what it might—teaching, tending, serving, or visiting sick and poor; ill, but uncomplaining; "faint, yet still pursuing;" bearing her

cross, a sharp one, with a meek look at her Lord's cross. But it may be said these are not invalids; these are not expatriated; they have no place in your book. Yes; they suffer! that is claim enough; they suffer as much and die as often under this yoke of assumed ease as do the so-called regular invalids. And many of them are already in foreign lands when this woe comes upon them. They have perhaps left home to labour, and their health gives way, and they cannot or will not forsake those who depend upon their care or their services. Some of them perhaps have brought invalids to a foreign shore and there find their own doom. Many everywhere—mothers of little children, single women, artists, professional men, artisans, servants, labourers—know well what it is to feel that the race is nearly run, the strength nearly spent, and to give no sign until the last dread hour draw near. Are not such men and women sufferers? Are they not true heroes? There are some brave hearts whose self-abnegation and

energy we know so well that we almost live in dread of their passing away thus swiftly and silently, having concealed much suffering under more work.

Brave hearts! you will open this book in secret, if at all,—or only when the shadow of death is already upon you. Brave, noble spirits! the Lord bless you and comfort you in all your hidden sorrow and pain; give you strength to bear on in patience. Only forget not that His love and power can do more for your beloved ones than your best efforts can accomplish; that your health is as necessary to them as your exertions, and that to die in serving either your family or your masters is to plant a barbed arrow in their hearts for ever. I know you reason thus: "If my disease be mortal I will work while life lasts; if it be not mortal I shall e'en survive the work—God gives me strength for each day." Truly I have seen such characters: I have one now before my eyes. We read each day of the departure of

some such for the Land where pain is not. They are already beyond us; we have no right to counsel them, we can only say, "If ye follow in your Master's steps, 'as your days so shall your strength be,'" only take heed that the way be of His ordering and not the vain heart's own choosing—own desire to be unlike others.

CHAPTER III.

The Occupations of Invalids.

Happy are they who in their hours of health have cultivated music, art, or a love of reading, and of being occupied. If an invalid be a musician, and have strength to command, his pursuit is perhaps the most sure of all to soothe and cheer the hours of weakness and suffering—the one fault of music being that it does require strength of muscle, and generally a fatiguing position. Sufferers from neuralgia cannot always bear it, but to others it is a most

delightful resource as long as they have strength for it.

Easily, too, may drawing and painting in water colours be pressed into the service of the sick room, while illuminating, wood carving, wax modelling, and many other such resources are within the reach of many invalids. And we would advise those sent away "as a precaution only," to carry with them the tools and materials necessary for a variety of these labours. Even in a land of sunshine the weak cannot be out all day, and need some recreation while in the house and not alone.

Modelling in clay and leather work have their charms, but as they require much damping and watering are unsafe in some cases, as are also for other reasons oil-painting and the use of wind instruments.

Even those too feeble to amuse themselves with these pursuits, may be interested in the formation of an aviary, a vivarium, an aquarium,

a collection of plants and minerals, of the coins or antiquities of the country, and at little expense any of these may be procured.

Variety enough and not too much: exertion sufficiently prolonged to excite interest, but not so as to overtask the strength—that is the difficulty. There are persons who *cannot* read, write, or continue any employment when fatigued—the work suffers and has to be recommenced. These are tolerably safe, their failing powers will warn them in time that they must rest. But there are others—and they are the best workers—whose last stroke is as clear and strong as their first, and whose fatigue is only to be traced in the pale cheek, exhausted powers, and throbbing temples. These must be timed—must time themselves, and work by rule, since their energy overmasters their strength.

I knew an invalid who would rise by daylight to copy water-colour drawings; and this in the months of October and November in Germany,

and without a fire. Remonstrance was vain: "she had her bath at eleven, and must secure her working hours." Such was the "energy o'ermastering strength" in this case, and certainly however much one might regret her too great devotion to it, her art (in which she excelled) was an immense revenue and solace to her.

But this taste, this energy, and this power of endurance bodily, are not the portion of all patients. The stooping over pen or pencil for half an hour would distress many a delicate chest or weak spine; and to the majority of invalids one can only recommend such pursuits as can be followed reclining in an easy chair, in bed, or on a sofa. Of these, reading, light needlework, making baby things for poor neighbours, and illuminating on a raised board, are perhaps the best. A very convenient little stand for books and papers may be made of a light plank of polished wood, with two little boards on hinges as feet—length of board two feet and a half;

depth of feet ten inches or a foot, is the usual measurement. This takes the weight of book, or tray, or inkstand off the patient. In a land where sofa-tables are unknown this is a very great resource, and may be used also in travelling or in carriage drives, placed between the seats and covered with cushions, to enable the invalid to lie extended. The cost of one in plain wood is but three francs. This perhaps belongs more particularly to the list of comforts for the sick, but it suggests itself also naturally enough as an aid to their "occupations" also.

Weaving on small light frames and embroidery of all kinds—in fact, all the long list of needlework for ladies—with turning in ivory with a small lathe, turning in olive wood, carving, painting, photography, illustrating, illuminating, etching, drawing on stone—all these have occupied persons of various degrees of invalidism, and lent lighter wings to the passing hour.

But that which lends it the lightest wings of

all is the being of some use, no matter how trifling, to the little company of friends around us; whether to our own party or to other invalids expatriated like ourselves. Looking on the small remnant of life we believe to be ours, it seems all too short for rendering aid to our fellow-sufferers; the time seems to be lost in which we are neither labouring nor consoling. The evening lamp that best lights up the sick man's room is the hope that something he possesses, or something he can do, may cheer or relieve another sufferer.

CHAPTER IV.

Cheerful Strongminded Friends.

Before commencing our remarks upon convalescence and recovery from illness, we must notice one burden that all sick people have at times to bear, though not all to an equal degree. This is the burden of strongminded friends or visitors. Doubtless it is an evil to have long faces and desponding tones around us —persons who think us doomed already, have generally less skill and activity in assisting and tending us than those whose love hopes against

hope, and whose courage and faith are equal to their tenderness.

But sometimes when we are struggling with some secret pain and hidden difficulty, or with that despairing weakness that seems to make the withdrawal of fever or acute disease almost harder to bear than the worst they could inflict, there enters some heroic soul, determined to "shake us up and do us good," with loud harsh tones and rapid utterance:

"How are you getting on? That's right—that's right! Doctor says all's right now—nothing but energy and strength needed—we may disburden our minds of you. Suppose you just get up a little and go into the next room. You will be out in a day or two, I hope. What do you say? I don't hear."

It is most likely not: the weak heart is beating fast; the weak voice is low and tremulous; tears, we scarcely know why, are gathering in our eyes, and if the floor could open safely and

let our visitor gently down to the street, we should be very thankful. We feel our weakness and our weariness tenfold, and are withal a little angry at this unceremonious way of treating us. It is well if this be only an occasional visitor, for in that case any sensible attendant would refuse to admit him a second time, until our strength should be more equal to the occasion.

Sometimes even the very attendants on the sick imagine it necessary to rough-ride their patient's feelings in order to rouse him to exertion. If there be the slightest shade of perversity in the character, or of weakness in the mind, it produces a directly opposite effect; and few are they who are free from shades of perversity or weakness. Such a person will aid his invalid's movements as little as possible *on principle*, whether he like aid or reject it (many cannot bear it unless totally helpless); will keep his room a little colder than he likes, insisting upon its being "fresh" to the attendant's feelings

whether it be "chilly" to the patient or no; diminishes his cushions, proposes greater intervals between his repasts, and is continually stirring him up to do more, require less, and resume the habits of a person in health as nearly as possible.

All this—much moderated—might be useful and bracing if gently and steadily done. In illness we cannot expect people to like violent changes; a little progress every day gratifies the patient, while great efforts tire, harass, and often injure him. Let us remember that we are to support and assist, not to drive and mortify, the suffering—helping them as much as we can to bear their burden, but never pretending to ignore it.

After all, the physical part of such a trial in the shape of a nurse might be borne; though to the sick it is a sad and great trial to be dependent upon such a character for the comfort of every hour; but it is not only in ministering to the

sufferings of the body that he would fall short, but in those of the mind also. There would be no inclination on the part of the patient to confide any restless anxiety, any harassing misgivings, to such a person, however convinced of the real hearty kindness existing under the rough "bracing" manner; he would feel that "bracing" too keenly to be willing to expose his dearest thoughts to its influence. Thus many an opportunity is lost for want of that blessed tact which can support and strengthen without fault-finding, and can administer tonics and sedatives with equal skill.

It seems hard to blame the patient for this, and to tell him he should have more faith in one whose life and words show a true zeal and wish to do good, and who fails only in the *manner*. Yet if he could take courage and open out a little to this brisk, unwinsome attendant, he might do good to both — gentleness is often infectious, and while he learned much from the

bold steadfast spirit by his side, he might show it the strength of gentleness also. Not that I mean to imply that *all* rough manners conceal steadfast minds—it is often the reverse; but it is well to try and explore beneath an appearance so unengaging. It is always well, and a great gain, to find in anyone bright or precious qualities beneath the surface—

Bright things that gleam unreck'd of—

we will not add—"and in vain." If he fail, and perceive it must be so; that he is condemned to be nursed in his sickness by a hard hand, let him remember Who has promised "to make all his bed in his sickness," and strive to bear not only his pain and his weakness, but his uncomfortable nurse, for his Lord's sake.

And may all who visit the sick, or nurse them, remember that there are in such cases depths of suffering they cannot penetrate, and learn to be respectful, tender, and thoughtful, in their manner

of addressing the sick and entering the sick room, if they would be sons of Consolation.

> The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
> Is his, whose skills of comfort best;
> Whom by the softest step and gentlest tone
> Enfeebled spirits own.
>
> Keble.

CHAPTER V.

Visits.

It may be thought perhaps that I have already said much upon this subject, but I have not yet stated it systematically, and it is an important one.

Visiting the sick is an undoubted duty; it is also a great privilege. Much do we learn from those to whom we fain would minister, and sad is the reflection that, be they rich or poor, educated or ignorant, we often do them more harm than good.

It is a difficult thing for self-occupied persons while visiting the sick, to obey the quaint old precept—

> Not to preach and not to prose,
> Neither flatter nor deal blows;

and if they transgress it they offend, wound, weary or disgust those who have already much to bear.

Some visits, indeed, there are where the words of cheering are all so heaven-directed that they do not oppress; where the words of counsel fall as from the lips of a tender friend speaking for love's sake that dares not be silent; where the enquiry, or the avowal that the account is bad, that hope is diminished, are all made in so deep a tone of interest, that the consolations that follow seem to flow from the very heart and to be really believed in by the speaker, without which they do not find their way to the spirit of the sufferer. Where the invalid and his interests are the primary objects of the visitor, and his own heart

is full of love to God and to man, he will learn to speak such words as sufferers love to hear. And to such visitors the door will always gladly open. But the invalid has sometimes the trying duty of receiving others very unlike these—persons whose voices jar upon his nerves; who touch his sofa or bed as they converse; who either hurry from topic to topic as if afraid of seeing that disease and death are hovering round that room, or else think it "good for him" to be told that he is looking very bad—that he is not long for this world—that he must be "breaking up," &c.; all, doubtless, very true, but by no means likely to prove edifying suggested in that manner. The visit of mere form fatigues the invalid also very much, and should be made as rarely as possible.

The physician's visit is often extended beyond the time strictly necessary: he studies his patient—he observes the extent of his powers; and especially if the climate be new to the invalid does

he require this sort of observation in order to discover how far all that he observes is natural, how far it is the effect of illness, how far of climate. The physician may also be of the most important use to the patient by enlightening him as to the true nature of his illness and consequent position, by directing his mind to the most important considerations, and by preparing the minds of those around him for the result of his illness. The more frankly and openly he converse with the patient himself, and the less he has to say mysteriously to the spectators, the more confidence will he inspire. But it is in every case the patient's duty to trust him as much as possible, to obey him implicitly, and to conceal from him no change of symptoms, no effect of a remedy—nothing, in short, affecting the health of the patient.

We should receive our physician as a man charged by God to relieve us if possible, and without any superstitious belief in their infallibility, without any despair if we cannot obtain

the one we most fancy, or in whom we have most confidence—yield ourselves to their counsels. Do not let us hastily condemn and abandon one after another, because we are not immediately benefitted. Sometimes one sees an unfortunate invalid try in despair one physician after another, until all have failed to relieve him—failed, probably, very much on account of his own impatience to try something else.

One is often reminded of the poor woman who had spent all her living, and suffered many things of many physicians, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, until she came to the Great Physician—there, with Him, she found healing. If it be His will, so shall we—asking of Him a blessing upon our physician's skill and resigning our own will, we shall certainly find healing—if not of the body, of the soul.

The clergyman's visit—how it varies according to the clergyman! Sometimes it is edifying,

cheering, consolatory; we almost wish that we could pass away hearing such words and such prayers—the words, the prayers of our mother Church. How beautifully do they lead to the gradual dismissal of all cares, the fulfilment of debts and testamentary dispositions, the giving liberally to the poor, and then concentrating our attention on the main point—our own state before God; and the great comfort and consolation of being by suffering drawn nearer and made more like unto our Lord. "There should be," says our holy Church, "no greater comfort to Christian persons, than to be made like unto Christ, by suffering patiently adversities, troubles, and sicknesses. For He Himself went not up to joy, but first He suffered pain: He entered not into His glory before He was crucified. So, truly, our way to eternal joy is to suffer here with Christ; and our door to enter into eternal life is gladly to die with Christ; that we may rise again from death, and dwell with Him in everlasting life."

How comfortably fall such words upon the ears of him who is living, suffering, dying with Christ! How vaguely, how drearily upon the heart of him who knows not this life in Christ! Let him not let his clergyman go, or the day pass, without a full confession that so it is with him—he is living, suffering, dying alone—without his Lord. Alas! he is like the poor thief upon the Cross *before* he felt that beside him hung the Son of God. Like that thief let him not expire ere he have laid his whole heart open to that merciful Saviour and have received his clergyman's blessing. Let him not lose a moment: delay is full of danger to all—fatal to him. May he hear in peace and joy the beautiful words: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen."

CHAPTER VI.

Purity.

This is a subject that it is impossible to omit in addressing expatriated invalids. Great are their temptations to neglect it. Not openly, not in actual conduct perhaps, though this is often one danger in travelling and visiting other nations and enquiring into their habits. But there is, short of this, danger to our habits of thought—to our delicacy of mind. What is the rule given to us? "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are

honest [or venerable], whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. iv. 8.

In a new land, if we are able to think of the things around us, curiosity is busy among many interesting facts and details of customs, and our minds sometimes get into a gossiping habit which is not elevating. It is also thus with us in a colony of which we now for the first time form part. Far from listening only to those fair and lovely things, of good report and true, that we hear concerning our new neighbours, we often let our minds devour and dwell upon—not the virtue, not the praise, not the just kind portraits given to us of them, but upon every little illnatured story, or bad trait, or even scandalous allusion mentioned or made before us. Such is not the way to be blessed. "Blessed are the pure in heart," says the Lord Jesus, "for

they shall see God." What, have we not enough work to do to keep our heart with all diligence? Can we give it time to feed upon poison? Is this the way to be in perfect charity with all men? No: verily it is the very way not to be "of one mind in the Lord." Let us dwell upon the character of our Lord; upon those of His saints; upon those, lovely and fair, whom we have ourselves known; upon high and noble deeds of self-abnegation; upon these fair and pure things let us think, and the God of purity, the God of peace, shall be with us, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER VII.

Rue.

There are many who are not exactly perhaps sent abroad for their general health, or for any special complaint, but whose life in their own country has become so sad and so dreary, that they have gladly embraced some opportunity of leaving it, and have established themselves in a career of usefulness, or a retreat of quiet seclusion to live out the rest of their days. Health is supposed to be the cause of their exile; they neither affirm nor deny the

fact; a deep sorrow has traced its lines upon their brow, the voice is low, the manner sometimes self-restrained, sometimes timid and irresolute. They are stricken by an unseen dart, and failing to find consolation at home—compelled, perhaps, by circumstances to survive the breaking-up of a home—they will form no new ties, but sadly and silently withdraw with their failing health, and their failing heart, to another spot on this globe.

Such we find either as residents—or as visitors sure to become residents — in all the winter-colonies of southern shores, in many of the summer resorts of the north also. And our heart aches for them. They are in either place so alone; not only alone literally, but so unable to combine and mingle with the groups around them.

It is not for us to penetrate their history, or divine what was the particular sorrow that thus seared and withered the life, nor to ask, as the Russian poet asks of the clouds,

Oh! what pursues you? Sentence dread?—
Secret malice?—or deadly hate?—
Or the piercing shaft by envy sped?—
Or the "FRIENDLY counsel?"—(all, too late!)

What laid their heart in ruins we dare not surmise. But if any such meet with this little book and take it up as addressed only to invalids, it may be that they will recognize with surprise, not unmixed with solace, their own case mentioned—their own sad heart commended to Him Who seeth in the secret places, and from Whom no secrets are hid.

"I suppose he will live and die here. He will never go home again—he has no one there!" The words are often lightly spoken, without one thought of the state of the mind and affections alluded to. How dreary—how desolate a picture—yet one correct enough of many of our countrymen and countrywomen in those far countries. To them, how busy, Memory! how unsleeping, Regret! To them, perhaps, how

sadly true the contrast of the same poet, of the lonely northern pine and the lonely southern palm!

There is weak health, too often added to their burden; weak health lurking under that burden; —and to which climate can offer no specific, save the tonic of its bright sunshine and cheerful aspect. And though those at first are painful by contrast with their own feelings, they end by finding their way into the heart. Oh! happier far, if a ray of Divine Love enters also, and warms and cheers the weary—saying, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden. Cast thy burden upon Me, give Me thine heart, and thou shalt find peace." Happy if they begin really to rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer; if they find occupation and employment in which to serve others; if they wake up again to some of the interests of life for the sake of others, and cast off the desponding isolation that was beginning to gather round their hearts. Happy if, without for-

getting their Eternal Home, they yet plant around their temporary dwelling the flowers of faith and hope and cheerful gentlest charity. Rue will not be quite plucked up; cypress will still cast her shade;—but the daisy faith, and the primrose hope, and the sweet violet charity, will "enamel the sod;" the life shall be less dreary, and death, though not less awaited, shall be awaited without murmurs or impatience; the health shall fail, the occupations be by degrees relinquished, the new links again broken—but they will have done their work—they will have cheered the lonely-hearted, and made "the desert blossom as the rose."

Many a "religious person" has not known why his religion did not comfort and warm his heart under bereavement or sorrow. Because he closed it to the love—the sweet strong love of God, and of man. He owned the justice of God and his own deep unworthiness; he looked for no more idols on earth, his treasure was really in

heaven, but his heart was still in the old haunts; so cold and empty now.

When God lets him feel that his treasure is indeed safe, and that if his heart be with it, all is well; then his heart opens to the rays of Divine Love, and seeks to give, not receive, human interest and sympathy. No longer isolated—no longer lost in sad and lifeless self-pity—he turns to aid and console others; he finds some sorrows larger and keener even than his own, and in caring for and praying for them, he resumes his place as one of the vast human family; and he finds, even here, the meaning of those blessed words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stor'd:
"Christians! behold your happy state:
Christ is in these, who round you wait;
Make much of your dear Lord!"

Keble. Conversion St. Paul.

CHAPTER VIII.

Consolation and Rejoicing.

Consolation we constantly admit to be appropriate to the chamber of suffering. The very word implies suffering to be consoled or soothed. But Rejoicing? can that be reasonably admitted? As readily as the former, dear friends; if we can admit consolation, we shall soon admit rejoicing. But we do not mean exactly by consolation that which was understood by a mother whose child lay dangerously ill. The priest proposed to visit her; her relations begged

her "to see him and receive his consolations." "What consolations?" exclaimed she; "can he restore my child? I admit no other consolation!"

Such are indeed the ordinary consolations—something said or done to make the trouble appear less, or to remove it altogether. But God alone can do this; and if He wills it not, there are hearts that are closed against all human attempts at consolation. No doubt it is easy to say to a sick person, "your illness is very painful, but it is not dangerous—you will be out again directly—it will leave no evil consequences." But these words do not console very effectually; they are not believed; they inspire no confidence, and that which is not believed can give no comfort. No; the real consolation is the truth gently, tenderly told—the truth that is *known*, not all the harassing surmises and possibilities—these cannot be detailed to a very young or sensitive invalid. But in the case of a man or woman of mature age and firm character there will generally be a desire

thoroughly to understand the ground he stands upon, and while quite aware that the issues of life and death are in the Lord's hands, and that possibilities cannot be foretold, he will wish to be informed of the probabilities; he will wish to possess his case as far as any one possesses it, feeling that it interests him most nearly to know all that can be known about it. The physician will be the most proper and efficient person to do this; but after hearing the facts the invalid will, if he have confidence in any friend, wish to hear *his* impression of them also. And the friend will listen, eager to console, yet, if he be a true friend, fearful of misleading.

Have we not all found ourselves in such a position? have we not all longed for an angel's tongue, and the tact, and the gentleness, and the tender love that would wing his words? Have we not tried to support and been deemed harsh? Have we not melted at the anguish and been censured as weak? Have we not, in one word,

tried—and failed? Yes, it is difficult; we have seen others succeed by driving away every unwelcome supposition or announcement, and they have been approved.

But we have now and then met with one who, with the face and the tongue of an angel, would own the truth—would tell us gently that we came too late to the sunny clime—that our illness would not give way to health—that sickness, or disfigurement, or exile, or death, must be our portion. And the sweet face and voice of truth and love gave us courage, brought us to God's mercy—strengthened instead of overwhelming us. And oh how we have mourned over our own unsuccessful efforts for others in former similar cases! The true friend will lead to the true and only Comforter, to that Holy Spirit whose office is to enlighten and console, and show unto us the full beauty and glory of our Divine Saviour, working in us by repentance and faith, by contrition, and love, and hope, that state of mind that may

reflect our Lord's likeness and that shall teach the sick man who yields himself to His heavenly inspiration, to build for comfort not on the hope of escaping the dread future, but on that Love Divine that sends it. When, as a message of that Love, the pain or sorrow is simply and humbly accepted, every ray of relief or hope will be a welcome blessing, gratefully acknowledged while granted, yielded unmurmuringly when withdrawn.

Cheerfulness, so much the duty of the invalid, but so difficult for many whose heart is not at rest, will follow upon such a state of mind as that we have described; with all around him he will bear himself gently and as brightly and hopefully as possible, desiring to dim their life as little as may be with his suffering; living day by day more closely with his Master; more ready to do His will by cheerful endurance, by such deeds of charity as he can yet perform, and by prayer for the whole family of God.

To such an invalid will the word "rejoice" sound strangely? Ah no! he will rejoice not only in those things that we all acknowledge to be blessings, however little we really appreciate their value; but in those where others see pain he will see joy. In his sufferings he will rejoice that he is thus made like unto his Divine Saviour—counted worthy to suffer and to bear his cross after Him; the past, the present, and the future minister unto his joy, for its fount is in his secret oratory, in his communion with God; and like the glow of sunset it goes forth and invests all things with radiance. Careful and troubled for nothing; anxious and depressed no longer; he could rejoice though all were taken from him—though all, even his beloved Church ordinances, were wanting.

Such a man will indeed "live in Christ and be filled with the Holy Ghost." Such a man will, in that strength, fight against his remaining evil tempers, sins, and infirmities—and conquer them.

In his life among all around him, will be seen the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. That peace which passeth all understanding shall reign in his heart, and flow out towards all around him. The light of his rejoicing shall light up even the sad hearts that feel they must lose the joy of his presence, shall still and tranquillize their agony in his last moments, and remain a bright glad memory in their thoughts. Even at that bitter moment when they part with the lifeless body, and lay it in a grave, and in a land to which they perhaps shall return no more—yet even then something of his own calm, glad spirit seems to remain with them and forbid their mourning without hope.

Even such an awful soothing calm
We sometimes see alight
On Christian mourners, while they wait
In silence, by some churchyard gate,
Their summons to the holy rite.

* * * *

Then cheerly to their work again
With hearts new-braced and set,
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

Keble—Burial of the Dead.

CHAPTER IX.

Charity.

While thinking over the duties and difficulties of invalids far from their homes, so many subjects present themselves that one cannot speak of all; but charity is one not to be omitted, because it really is not easy to practise it. It is very easy to speak no ill of persons whom we do not know. Certainly; and easy to send our little offering for the poor to their pastor, be he our own or not.

Personal exertion is always difficult, often

impossible, to an invalid; and he has apparently but little chance of doing good to the poor, or of practising the rules of Charity towards the sick around him. Still he may bear them in mind—repeat them often—ask himself if in thought, word, or deed he have transgressed them—whether his old acquaintances or the subjects of his conversation have been gently dealt with—no illnatured anecdote enjoyed by him—none related by him—his foresight justified by some one's sin or disgrace no subject of gratified pride—his private thoughts and comments upon all who have passed before his mental vision kind and charitable? Has he, may he ask, not been puffed up by any praise of his abilities, acquirements, or character? He? so weak and miserable a being. Even so; it is only too possible, my dear readers.

The thirteenth chapter of Corinthians is as suitable to the sick man upon his bed as the fifteenth. One of the principal points demanded

of the sick man, ere he receive the Holy Sacrament, is whether charity rule in his heart, whether he forgive absolutely and entirely all offences against himself, and be in perfect charity with all men. It is obvious, then, that his heart must be filled with humility and love, ere it can fully receive the blessed hope of a joyful resurrection.

Nor must the sick man forget the duty of showing grateful gentleness to all who attend or serve him, asking pardon of them if a hasty word or movement escape him, and if obliged to disturb them at unusual times; giving full pardon, *unasked*, to all who have ever injured or offended him—praying for them and rendering them any service yet in his power. Rendering thanks also, and service if he can, to all who are in any way exerting themselves for him, especially his own household, his physician, and his clergyman. Sending, if he be able to do so, gifts to such hospitals and infirmaries as he

knows to be much in want, or devoted to sufferers from the same complaint as himself—not as a vow, a bribe to heaven, but as a thank-offering for the alleviations granted to himself.

If he live thus, his charity shall not wither though he no longer be able personally to exhort, visit, or relieve his poorer neighbours, or practise the social virtues among a large circle of richer ones.

The charity that "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," shall be his, and shall make him grow daily more and more into the likeness of his Blessed Lord. Amen.

CHAPTER X.

Holy Communion.

It may be said by some readers of this little book that there is the same remedy proposed for every woe — repentance, submission, and faith that worketh hope.

We know no others, dear readers, equally powerful, equally efficacious; but the way to possess and renew and refresh the power and efficacy of these is surely to draw oftener and oftener yet to the Holy Communion. If we believe in the forgiveness of sins, and in the

resurrection to eternal life, if those words be more to us than a mere form, the blessed Sacrament wherein we are made "one with Christ and Christ with us" must be the very life of our souls. If we be invalids, sick of an urgent illness, it must be our greatest comfort and support to see the servant of God enter to administer to us that Holy Communion. If we be dying of a slow incurable disease, that yet leaves us liberty to attend the services of our Church, this one we should never miss; when our decline is more rapid and sensible, we shall be carried to partake of it until our feebleness be so great that it must be brought to us.

In all the trials and temptations of our course, in all the doubts and distresses urged upon us by our foe, in all our natural shrinkings and tremblings of heart, in the presence of anxiety as to our means and worldly prospects, under vexations arising from uncongenial spirits, in sorrow and bereavement, in pain and weakness,

in the hour of death and in the view of judgment—this shall be our strength and stay. Reading our beautiful Communion Service over and over again, till each word be known and loved; reading the office of the Visitation and Communion of the sick, with prayer—earnest prayer—and "examining ourselves" as directed by our Church, will keep our minds ready for this great blessing: the sick man should always be ready; how knoweth he if he shall have another opportunity? "The sick have no to-morrow," as I heard a lovely young invalid once sadly say: and it is true. The life in the hand, and the soul resting upon its God; such, if a rule for all men, is especially a rule for invalids. And if so situated that there is no church, no pastor, within reach, yet still shall the sick man find his best support and strength in reading those beautiful services, and in spiritual Communion with his blessed Lord and Master.

Despondency often keeps us away from the

Holy Communion by suggesting to us our deep unworthiness; but our gracious Lord did not bid the worthy alone to partake. His words are very plain: "Drink ye all of it." Let us pray to Him to cover us with His Mantle of Righteousness and forgiveness; it is not contrition that proves unworthiness—it is rather insensibility and presumption. I do not think that he who loves that holy service, and desires heartily to share in it, not as a talismanic charm, but in order to be indeed confirmed unto his Lord and Master and made one with Him, need fear to partake either spiritually or actually of His Holy Body and Blood; he may surely expect the promised strengthening and refreshing of his soul.

The friends of invalids often defer proposing, and the sick often defer asking, for this great comfort in every phase of suffering, when unable to attend the holy service in Church, from an idea that it only suits, and would appear to announce,

the last stage of all. Surely we need it when ill as frequently as when well. Nay, much more frequently, for the difficulties are very much greater. The journey we make in that curtained bed demands a viaticum quite as urgently as that of the foot-sore pilgrim, and he might receive one at many a station before he reached the shrine.

Even so we, at every step of our most painful and laborious journey, need this Divine Aid. God grant us all the spirit to enter into its solemn consolations! God grant us to approach it reverently, trustingly, constantly, with deep repentance, earnest prayer, and confiding faith—in perfect charity with all men, and in grateful and unspeakable love to our Divine Master, and only Saviour, Jesus Christ! Amen.

CHAPTER XI.

Sudden Illness and Danger.

Hitherto we have spoken of some of the many phases of suffering; of its possible, nay, probable result; of its peculiar temptations and distresses; of the different classes of sufferers. But to those suddenly prostrated by a pressing and dangerous illness, or an accident, we have not yet spoken. They are numerous, for in a more glowing climate than our own illness proceeds with fearful rapidity—knocks its victim more completely down—subdues his faculties—

steals his strength and life—and he is gone. That sun-stroke, that fever, that cold; it was but a day or two ago that it attacked him: so soon is the strength of the strong man vanquished. When he saw the physician the first time he inquired; "Must I die?" Kindly, gently, but truly, was the answer given. How fell that answer—on what ground? We know not. The Lord knoweth. The Lord seeth into our hearts, and He alone can tell how it is with every son of man who has been smitten with grievous sickness or has passed away from earth, this day.

To those who live in climates such as these, even more than to others, are applicable the words; "Watch, therefore, for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Cases as rapid do occur in temperate climates, but they are far more rare. It may, however, be justly observed that whenever an illness is so severe as to preclude thought and prayer, the mere length of its duration is of small account.

The state in which it finds us is the important question. Let us so live that it may find us ready. But many are seized with severe and dangerous illness that may be fatal or may be stayed—that leaves them full possession of their faculties, full consciousness of their danger. How does that awful view affect them? Hear what has been said upon this subject in better words than mine: "The sentence of the physician may have destroyed hope, and the battle between the forces of nature, and the strength of the last enemy may be waged for hours, in the sight of agonized friends, powerless to succour or alleviate." Powerless indeed, either for body or mind; no exhortation can then be listened to; nothing they can say can render clearer the awful view of God's infinite faith, and holiness, and justice—of the nothingness of the world and its ambitions—of the importance of His great salvation, and of the nearness of His judgment.

If the sick man can speak he will say; "Pray

for me," for he will remember the blessing promised to such prayers. We dare not say what such prayers may do for him. If this be his first moment of repentance we can only pray, and pray on more and more fervently in the language of our Church: "Give him unfeigned repentance for all the errors of his life past, and stedfast faith in Thy Son Jesus; that his sins may be done away by Thy mercy, and his pardon sealed in heaven, before he go hence and be no more seen."

Thus commending him to the mercy of God, we may pray earnestly for his recovery also. "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick." How many do we not all know who have been raised from the very gates of death? One, perhaps two, three, or more in our own immediate circle; while yet perhaps the life that seemed to our eyes most valuable, almost indispensable, was not given to our frantic prayers. Happy, whatever be the issue of the illness, are they who see their beloved one calm

and ready to depart; conscious of the peril, but not dismayed; willing to die if such be the Lord's Will; willing to live and take up the cross again if He will it thus. If such a member be taken from them, bitter is the pain but great the consolation; they know he is beyond all pain, all woe—they know the sudden summons found him ready. If he be given back to their prayers and tears, how doubly dear and precious has he now become. No one possessing him can ever forget those hours in which they thought him already entering "behind the veil;" he himself can never lose the experience there acquired; that fit of illness may be to him a foretaste of the great day when all men shall be arraigned before the Great White Throne to receive the things done in the flesh, whether in the form of a deathless conscience, or to be covered with the mantle of Christ's vast salvation and called to inherit a home among the blessed.

May sudden and violent illness, whenever it

is sent to any one of us, find him ready to endure its pangs; ready to obey the call—ready to die, or ready to return and live—doing all to the glory of God for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

CHAPTER XII.

Recovery.

Recovery! Delightful word to all invalids, especially to the exiled and expatriated. Shall he indeed be once more free to arise and walk, to go in and out as he lists, and to direct his steps to any part of the earth? Shall he see home once more? Shall all the dear faces round him be lit up with joy as that little bit of cliff and meadow, rock and wood, comes into view?

But presently the scene fades and vanishes;

the utter prostration of strength is again felt; the prospect is so distant—the present evil is felt to be more real than the future good—he is even less *comfortable* now that he is told he is better; life returns slowly; the exhausted heart flutters and beats wildly; the brain and nerves ache beforehand at the thought of the necessary preparations—life seems to be much, much harder than dying, to which we thought ourselves so near, and were not appalled at the thought, perhaps even ardently desired it.

Yet doubtless we were not quite so ready as we imagined: our Master has still work for us to do here, or perhaps we are to *die at home.* His Holy Will be accomplished. There is more expected of us now—we know it: we do not wish to remain longer than necessary so utterly helpless; but it does seem difficult to keep up, though we would fain do each day a little more. That, too, comes in time; but there are relapses, and many slighter ailments come and graft them-

selves upon the principal one and upon the weakness of reduced frames, so that we have many fresh beginnings to make.

But by God's great mercy we are at length enabled to try a slight change of air, then a journey *towards* home, then the actual voyage; and as our foot presses the smooth-planked deck, and the mild summer air caresses our cheek, we feel that the trial is over; that the fire has passed upon us but has not consumed us; that the vessel's prow is turned towards our own land, and that we are no longer exiles—no longer expatriated invalids.

Let us bend our very hearts and souls low before Him in speechless gratitude: great is the gift of being yet spared to our beloved ones; and however fair might the haven of repose have looked to our eyes, did we not see the tears that dimmed the eyes that watched us ever so fondly and untiringly? Did we not think of their anguish of heart should they leave us in a foreign

grave and return alone? Do we not see by their joy now how great the pain would have been had they stepped upon that vessel without us? Truly our God is merciful, and we must accept as mercy all that He sends us. Let us accept also as mercy, whatever little ailment or weakness yet clings to us, as a memento of the long way we went and returned.

Few are the illnesses that bring men to the gates of the grave, and let them return thence without mark or sign of the place where they have been. Some little change of face or figure—there will be some twinge, or weakness, or some liability to future ill by which he shall always remember this great mercy. Say, shall there be no such mark upon his spirit? Shall the old faults and failings—the old careless or worldly spirit resume its sway? Ah no! have we not heard the words;

"Thou hast delivered my soul from death: mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

I will walk before the Lord: in the land of the living. I will receive the cup of salvation: and call upon the Name of the Lord."—Psalm cxvi., 8, 9, 12.

CHAPTER XIII.

Incurable and Lingering Illness.

There are many of the states and sufferings common to invalids, that affect them so nearly alike everywhere, that I have not thought it necessary to apologise for introducing them into this book, although they do not particularly belong to expatriated invalids.

But this topic bears so peculiarly upon those who are and must remain far from home, that it cannot, must not be omitted in a work written for them. Doubtless their case is very sad;

whether they be sent away from their own land in search of health, or their illness has come upon them in the course of their travels or of their avocations in a foreign country, it is doubtless a bitter moment when the conviction first breaks upon them that their disease is incurable—that it may last more or less time, but that cured it can never be and must for ever keep them away from their home.

"Crooked and sick for ever—crooked and sick!" exclaims the poor Ladye of La Garaye in dismay at the blighting sentence on her youth; and doubtless such a decree is startling enough even when it falls, as it did upon her, in a home of peace and love. But when it comes, as I have seen it come, upon children of the "Fatherland" longing to return thither; upon fair daughters of Northern race, loving their home and their country with all the fervour of Sclavonic blood; upon Englishmen, whose hearts are in their ancestral acres; and upon bright-eyed

sons of the south—sunny truly, yet all too keen for them, and for their fragile remainder of life; I have felt indeed for them the bitterness, the mortal agony of the sentence. In sudden, sweeping complaints it is no doubt one element of the bewildering emotions of the sick man that familiar faces, familiar haunts, are present with him one instant to be quickly shrouded in the dread "no more."

But in lengthened and incurable illness it is not only "no more," but "never more." There will be perhaps solemn seasons, family festivals, anniversaries long honoured, that he must meet many times in his lonely room with his ever-constant pain and weakness. There will be joy and sorrow at home, and he will not be there to share the one, or sadder still, to help to support the other. Memory will have time to do her skeleton work, and bring before him all the sins he has committed, not only against his God, Who is omnipresent to hear and to forgive, but

against the tender, wise parents of his youth, and the gay, glad companions of his early days, to whom he can no longer confess his sins. Words and even thoughts — rebellious, unkind, selfish, but long forgotten, will stand out before him with startling distinctness, will haunt his pillow and his daily attempts at occupation; and fearful is their haunting power.

Let us all, while yet with our beloved ones, see that we live with them as with those whom God has given to us; that so when illness or exile comes, we may have few such ghosts as these to lay—some, all, alas! must have. There will be others, at all events, though less appalling perhaps; sins of omission and commission, of habit, of negligence, misuse of talents, loss of golden opportunities, perversion of influence, neglect of example; all these, besides the events of our life in which we have been wanting in sterling qualities, in truth, frankness, or integrity, in moral courage, in generosity, even in tact and

sympathy, will come unbidden guests and say, Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-night!

They do so indeed: nor do we seem to require their weight, when the Present has its own burden of pain and suffering, of loneliness and discomfort, and a thick dark veil seems to hang over the Future. "Lord, how long?" is the cry of our hearts. Let us cry unto Him and He will hear the cry and will help us. The promise of His great salvation shall recur to our minds and chase our gloomy forebodings; we shall learn to say and to feel that we can bear manfully as long as He see fit to leave us here, and can endure all things by His Spirit's aid.

Thus the present and the future clouds will roll away; and for the past, let us accept meekly those bitter memories as part of the cross needed for our manifold sins; let us pray for those still left to us, pray for their happiness, and that they may forgive us our sins known and unknown; and let us bless God for those who have

departed this life in His Faith and Fear. If *they* can see us, we may be very sure they behold and accept our contrition, and understand now the love that our infirm and selfish tempers often hid from them while they were with us.

True, our case is sad—very sad; but the sense of the nearness of the Lord God is the great disperser of loneliness. If the Christmas feast or Easter joy of our homes miss our bodily presence, in Him we may spiritually meet with our beloved ones. The blessed office of the Holy Spirit as the Comforter, and our belief in the Communion of Saints, are no vain ideals; they become to the exiled invalid, even when none of his faith are near him—nor even any Christian at all—a great and blessed reality. Cross then your hands meekly, dear friends, and accept your solemn feasts still as feasts: Christ will not leave you lonley, nor will He let your friends feel that your spirit is not with theirs.

In this spirit, meeting the marked days of your

year, you shall draw gradually nearer to the day to which you have long looked forward; the day when your eyes and hearts shall close to all earthly sorrows, and you shall enter into the joy of your risen Lord. Forget not, however, that that day may yet come upon you unawares; that you—who have so long known you must suffer as long as you live, and never be free or well or revisit your own land again—may yet be very suddenly, and by some quite different disease, summoned to your home above. Take heed that even the very length and duration of your state, make it not so far habitual to you, that you count upon its lasting yet very long, and never hastening onward at a more rapid pace. It is possible, even after long-continued and repeated warnings, to be unprepared at last—to have even loosened the rein upon vain thoughts, earthly passions, and old tendencies to besetting sins, that was put upon them by the first shock of disease, by the first dismay of your state. Strive

to expect death, and to live up to the expectation, without neglecting such active service to God, His poor, and those He has placed round you, as your state may allow; and do not become self-concentrated in your local world, but stretch out the kindliness of your love and thought to all the interests of all who belong to you in your own land, and in the whole Christian Church. You can perhaps do little but pray for them; but this is doing something, and much will it assist you to avoid the self-concentration and isolation of spirit which are the great danger of all invalids, and especially of those who are far from the natural objects of their affections.

The true and only way to keep your hearts with this diligence in long and incurable illness, is to lose no opportunity of union with Christ in his Holy Sacrament. If you cannot be carried to the church, the Holy Communion will be brought to you; if you are placed far from

the possibility of often, or of ever enjoying this blessing, forget not the exhortation of our Church to spiritual communion for persons so situated. Doubt not that you will thus be enabled to live closer and closer to your God, dying daily to all that is contrary to His Will, until perfect contentment and joy in fulfilling that Will, begins to trace in you the semblance of your Lord, and you can say;

> And oh! most happy should Thy call,
> Thy welcome call, at last be given:
> Come where thou long hast stored thine all,
> Come see thy place prepar'd in Heaven.
>
> Keble—St. James's Day.

CHAPTER XIV.

Death.

Of death, as it comes on the wings of a sudden and fearful illness, we have spoken in a preceding chapter. Of death, as it comes to many in the lingering but ever-marching disease, and of death as it comes to few in the sudden stroke following upon a state, diseased, indeed, but giving no warning note of destruction so near; we have yet to speak.

Sudden deaths, without any preliminary illness, by accident, or apoplexy, or heart-disease,

do not come within our province; but those are almost equally sudden that occur sometimes to habitual invalids. They have long known, indeed, that their state was uncertain, but it had lasted so long without material change that they could hardly regard it as critical. And those about them were of the same mind. Yet many say when they hear of a sudden close to a long illness; "The sick man knew his position, and he must have been prepared; he had been so long ill, and had suffered so much."

But these things do not necessarily prepare one for death; they do not even *necessarily* prepare one to quit life, and that is very different to being ready to die. Many, whose lives appear to others perfectly joyless and comfortless, yet desire to live on; many, whose hearts are weary of this present world, have yet no desire for the joys of heaven.

Let us leave the thought of others, and ask

ourselves; "If death should come to us this night, would he spoil us of our dearest treasure?" Is it here; amid the projects and ambitions of earth? or is it on high—God's love and His Presence? I speak as though we each and all knew, more exactly than other men know, that we have that within us that must end our lives soon and suddenly. Other men may die; we must—we are under sentence; and can we yet build upon hopes and plans, and have aught very much at heart *for ourselves*, except our final acceptance, our being conformed to the death of Christ, if by any means we may attain unto the resurrection from the dead? If we have so nearly done with earth, are we preparing—prepared—for Heaven? I do not ask if we have yet ties and interests hard to sever; I would not these were cut one hour too soon: but for our own selves, is Heaven to us really as our Home, and do we long for it more than we long to see again that earthly home from

which we are for ever exiled? And this not from any feeling but a real desire to be with Him Whom, having not seen, we love? Is our citizenship really in heaven? are we *really* looking forward to our life there—to being eternally before God? If such be our case then let death come when it will, it will find us ready.

But when it comes slowly into view, when the powers of life fade very gradually, and we scarcely know whether the tide really be advancing or receding—there will be days in which faith will be sorely assailed by fears and foes. And especially if we have trusted too much to sickness and suffering to wean our hearts from the world, for alone they *cannot* do this; sickness and sorrow change the objects of our heart's attentions and desires, but do not change its affections. The Holy Spirit alone can do that.

Let us, then, entreat His Holy Aid, and prepare for the end we see approaching, by ever

deeper penitence and confession. Let us call upon that same Aid, whenever assailed by doubts of our acceptance, or of our Lord's power to save us. There is no end to the malignity of the tempter; if he cannot lull us into security, he suggests fearful doubts tending to despair. We must remember that he does so, and recognize the artist by his work, lest we be dismayed. Memory, too, will remind us of so much negligence, coldness, and selfishness, of so much pride and foolishness, that we shall ask; "Can I, even I, really be one of Christ's fold—one of His children?"

But, looking from ourselves, let us look to *Him*. That Saviour on the Cross—*will* He not save? That risen and ascended Saviour—*can* He not save? But we may fall from Him. Nay, He will not suffer us to fall from Him; He will hold us fast by the cords of His love. There will be days and nights of peace and joy; there will be others of sore trials; there will be

now depression, and now comfort and assurance of the Divine Presence, and of our Saviour's love and sympathy. There will be days when all around us shall declare us better, and plans for us shall be made in our hearing, while we feel that the night cometh ever nearer; and there will be days in which we suffer less and seem able to do more. But the daily drive must be given up and not resumed; the moving from room to room becomes more laborious week by week—soon it is given up; then we cease to rise every day; soon we lie down to rise no more. Oh! well is it, then, if with unwaning eye we have looked ever unto our God; well, if we be indeed ready; well, if the solemn cry, "The Bridegroom cometh," hath found us with lamp lighted; well, if the Master at His coming hath found His servant doing His Work—be it but by suffering and praying.

And there are some who, raised from the very semblance of such a state of gradual decay once,

or even twice, wait yet in humble expectation of the final summons. Perhaps, in the mean time, they have work to do for God by serving others; teaching, nursing, or cheering them. Only let them look steadily to the end that must shortly come, and let them carry their life in their hand; occupied as they must be in life and life's concerns, while yet able to be so, let them beware lest they relapse into living for this world only, and forget that their Lord hath said unto them, "Whither I go ye cannot follow me now, but ye shall follow me hereafter. Watch, therefore, lest ye enter into temptation." To them, too, the end must ere long come.

When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Keble.

Devotions and Meditations.

Devotions.

It is not in the spirit of preaching, dear friends, that I enter upon this part of my subject. I know indeed, know all too well, how far fitter are many of you to teach me than I you; but, believe me, I have no intention of entering the sacred secret oratory of the invalid. He, above all men, ought to know how "the Father heareth and seeth in secret;" how the Son may be addressed as "Thou that hearest the prayer." He needs no aid from men.

But some there may be, new to suffering or new to serious thought, who may be glad to have

a few Meditations and Prayers as models by which to begin framing their own. Verses of the Psalms, and of the Epistles, especially of those to the Philippians, Ephesians, and Thessalonians, will suggest the prayers that should flow from them, to almost every mind. I have added, moreover, some verses of hymns, and I would advise every invalid to have Keble's "Christian Year" constantly beside him. There is an almost inspired adaptability in that author, arising from his deep knowledge of the human heart, and his sympathy with its sufferings. His work is, in fact, the spirit of our Liturgy in verse—can one say more?

It is a great help through a weary day and night to break our devotions into small frequent portions. We cannot attend very long when there is pain to be endured, or distressing weakness, or harassing remedies. But there are often brief moments in which the spirit may cry

aloud in its pain, or give thanks for relief, or entreat strength and support, or utter merely the prayer of the Publican; "God be merciful—be merciful to me, a sinner: a sinner and a suffering weary sinner."

May it please Almighty God to bless the following Devotions to the comfort of many an invalid far from home, far from his own or any collection of devotional works.

1.

At 7, or on awaking in the morning:

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord: and to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most Highest;

"To tell of Thy loving-kindness early in the morning: and of Thy truth in the night-season." —Psalm xcii., 1, 2.

Lift up thy voice, O my soul, and bless the Lord Who hath made thee to take rest in sleep.

2.

At 8, or an hour later:

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Psalm xcv., 8.

Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, come unto mine heart, and make it Thine own, now and eternally, from this day forth. Amen.

3.

At 9, or an hour later:

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

In the beauty of holiness—that is in the sanctuary—I cannot worship Thee, my God. Thou hast said that our hearts should become Thy dwelling-place. Grant me this best blessing: make my heart Thy throne and temple. Amen.

4.

"The Lord looseth men out of prison."—Psalm cxlvi., 7.

Thou canst loose me also, O my Lord and

Saviour Jesus Christ. The sick-room, the prison, the grave—all, all have been opened by Thy gracious hand, all have felt Thy gracious Presence; Thou didst even preach to the spirits in prison. Let me be content to leave my freedom in Thy hand; Thou wilt loose me also in Thine own good time. Amen.

5.

"O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, Three persons and one God: have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.

"From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from Thy wrath and from everlasting damnation,

"Good Lord, deliver us."

6.

"Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night."—Jeremiah, ix., 1.

Wherefore, wherefore said the prophet this? Not for sorrow, not for sickness; but for sin. Grant me, oh Lord my God, a like sorrow for sin; and repentance and contrition for my own sins, like unto his for the sins of his people.

7.

"Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."—St. Matthew, xxvi., 41.

So weak that it ever hinders and clogs the spirit. And Thou knowest it, Thou Who knowest all things. Wilt not Thou speak graciously unto me, and grant me grace to withstand, and to cleave unto Thee?

8.

"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Romans, xii., 1.

"By the mercies of God." This is truly the most potent of all arguments. His mercies are never-failing; by them we are urged and encouraged to draw nigh, and present our bodies a living sacrifice. Lord, it is yet of Thine infinite mercy that Thou will accept so poor, and feeble, and sinful, a sacrifice.

9.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."—Philippians, iv., 4.

Rejoice! we, so feeble, suffering, far from home, lonely, and on a dying bed? Yes; and I will rejoice: for but for my Lord this state of mine were hopeless, and this suffering were without hope. But in the sure mercies of my Master and only Saviour I can, yea, and will, rejoice. Amen.

10.

"For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."—Colossians, iii., 3.

Solemnly fall those words on the silent watches of the night. Am I dead indeed in heart to a life of sin and worldliness, of ease and carelessness, or do I only appear to be so while shut up in my sick room? Lord, Thou knowest: help me to die daily unto all but Thee, and to live unto Thee in heart and soul. Amen.

11.

"Brethren, pray for us."—I. Thess., v., 25.

Lord, hear my prayer for all Thine afflicted and distressed, Thy wayward and wandering children. Make Thyself known unto all the lowly-hearted and sad, unto all the heavy-laden and oppressed. Comfort and support in their ministry the pastors of Thy flock, and increase the number of Thy flock until the day of Thy return, O Lord Jesus, to claim Thine own. Amen.

12.

"If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons."—Hebrews, xii., 7.

Thus, oh Lord, may I receive this Thy chastening, and submit myself wholly to Thy Holy Will and Pleasure, knowing that Thou lovest me, and will make all things to work together for my good.

13.

"And the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

James, v., 15.

Save him from his sickness if such be Thy Holy Will. Save him from sin and destruction, which is far better, and heal the sickness of his soul. Amen. Amen.

14.

"The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the Gospel is preached unto you."—1 Peter, i., 24, 25.

The flower of my life is faded and gone. But

the Word endureth for ever—that Word, the Gospel. Thanks be unto the Lord for His unspeakable gift. Amen.

15.

"Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you."—I. Peter, v., 7.

He careth, truly: of that our creation and redemption, and our birth and baptism in a Christian land are proofs. There is no fathoming His love and care. Therefore may I be careful for nothing, since He careth for me.

16.

"He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death."—Revelation, ii., 11.

This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith. Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief: sustain Thou my faith unto the end, oh, Lord Jesus Christ! Amen.

17.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten."—Revelation, iii. 19.

Oh, might I thus take the rebuke and the chastening. Pardon me, oh Lord, my deadness and coldness of heart, my want of faith, my faint-heartedness under trial: grant me fuller faith in Thy Divine Love.

18.

"Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."—Revelation, v., 13.

"Behold, I come quickly. Even so, come Lord Jesus." Amen.

Thus far have we given detached Prayers and Thoughts, but there is, we should hope, no need to suggest how infinitely better it would

be to read the Church Services daily, at least the Psalms for the day, one Lesson, or the Litany, with special meditations on the sufferings of our Lord. This form is only for the very weak, and the following is taken entirely from the Liturgy, and is chosen to suit the hours of the day and night. They may be repeated at the sounding of the hours, if convenient; this means may aid the feeble mind, and the feeble body also, to pass the long hours of sickness and weariness, where sleep refuses to come and give us rest.

Many invalids have even used for this purpose —start not Protestants—a string of beads! Why not?—provided, only, that there be *no value attached to the mere act of repetition;* provided it be the *comfort* of prayer that we seek, not the satisfaction of having *said* our prayers. Too often we Protestants fall into this error though we use not beads! But such as fear that they would become Romanists by the use of such a practice,

would naturally abstain, and would think it a safer plan to mark their devotions by the hours themselves. In this, as in many such cases, that which is a chain and a snare to one, is a help and a guide to another. It is the *spirit* that makes the difference.

DEVOTIONS FOR THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

1. "I will arise and go unto my Father, and will say unto Him; Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."—St. Luke, xv., 18, 19.

2. "I have erred and strayed from Thy ways like a lost sheep. I have followed too much the devices and desires of my own heart; and there is no health in me."

3. "Lord have mercy upon me!
"Christ have mercy upon me!
"Lord have mercy upon me!"

4. "Oh Lord! open thou our lips, and our mouth shall show forth Thy praise.

"Oh God, make speed to save us.

"Oh Lord, make haste to help us."

5. "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.

"As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end." Amen.

"Praise ye the Lord.

"The Lord's name be praised."

6. "O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation."

The Creed.

7. "By the mystery of Thy Holy Incarnation; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

"Good Lord deliver us."

8. "That it may please Thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of Thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to Thy Holy Word;

"We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord."

9. "Oh Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thine honour."

10. "Graciously look upon our afflictions.

"Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.

"Mercifully forgive the sins of Thy people.

"Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

"O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

"Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ!

"O Lord, let Thy mercy be showed upon us;

"As we do put our trust in Thee."

11. "My soul doth magnify the Lord; and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

12. "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace; according to Thy word."

13. "Oh Lord, show Thy mercy upon us.
"And grant us Thy salvation.
"O Lord, save the Queen.
"And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee.
"Endue Thy Ministers with righteousness.
"And make Thy chosen people joyful."

14. "Oh Lord, save Thy people.
"And bless Thine inheritance.
"Give peace in our time, oh Lord;
"Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only Thou, oh God.
"O God, make clean our hearts within us.
"And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us."

15. "Give us, oh Lord, that peace which the world cannot give."

16. "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, oh Lord, and by Thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night; for the love of Thine only Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ." Amen.

17. "Have mercy, Lord, upon all who do not know Thy Holy Name, and upon all who do not love it."

18. "Have mercy upon Thine whole Church, that it may be guided and governed by Thy good Spirit."

19. "Grant that all who profess and call themselves Christians may be led into the way of truth, and hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life."

20. "Finally, we commend to Thy fatherly goodness all those, who are any ways afflicted or

distressed, in mind, body, or estate; that it may please Thee to comfort and relieve them, according to their several necessities, giving them patience under their sufferings, and a happy issue out of all their afflictions. And this we beg for Jesus Christ his sake." Amen.

21. "Almighty God, Father of all mercies, we do give Thee most humble and hearty thanks for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to all men."

22. "We bless Thee for our creation and preservation, for all the blessings and all the trials of this life; but above all, for our redemption by our Lord Jesus Christ. Help us to show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord." Amen.

23. "Almighty God, hear our prayers, and mercifully fulfil the same, as may be most expedient

for us; granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting." Amen.

24. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all." Amen.

The various forms of intercessory prayer and of the Lord's Prayer, are not inserted in this form, being supposed to form part of every Christian's unwritten prayers. The form here given is extremely short, and much subdivided, but no one will, we suppose and hope, imagine it necessary to keep awake the whole twenty-four hours, in order to miss no part thereof, which would be superstitious use; nor to limit himself to the portions and fragments of church prayers, when he is well able to read or recite the whole, which would be an indolent use to make of the form. Neither need it supplant his regular and habitual

devotions when he is able to perform them as usual, especially his usual self examinations. But it may supply a light and easy cycle of prayers for the invalid to read or to which he may listen, hour by hour, when awake. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add, that the position in which we pray must depend upon our state. To pray kneeling when, through pain or weakness, it is difficult for us to remain in that position, and the effort of doing so demands all our attention, is certainly likely to disturb our devotions. To pray sitting or lying down, when well able to kneel, shows an indolent and lukewarm spirit. Let each man judge himself, not his brother, in this matter.

The following prayers may be useful to a sick child :—

MORNING.

My voice shalt Thou hear betimes, oh Lord. Early in the morning will I direct my prayers unto Thee. Give me patience, oh Lord Jesus

Christ, and gentleness and courage for all that Thou wilt have me bear this day. Amen.

Our Father, &c.

NOONDAY.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord. Oh Lord, help me to strive against peevishness, and impatience, and selfishness, and laziness, and with pure heart and mind, to follow Thee, the only God, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The Creed.

SUNSET.

Praise Him, sun and moon, praise Him all ye stars and light. I too will praise my God; I will bless Him, I will love His holy Name, I will desire to grow in His Holy Likeness. I thank Thee, oh Lord, for all the mercies of the day. Forgive me all my sins and follies, and if it be

Thy Holy Will to make me rise again, let me serve Thee better every day that I live, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

NIGHT.

"Through the day Thy love hath spared us,
Wearied, we lie down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus! Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee."

FOR A NERVOUS CHILD.

Oh, Lord God, Heavenly Father, have mercy upon me! I am very often naughty. I am very often tempted to be cross or untrue, because I am afraid. I am afraid of pain, of the doctor's visit, of being scolded, or punished. I am afraid of being alone, or in the dark, or with strangers. Many little things frighten me, many vex me; and sometimes I think I can never be good, or do

right; and then I cry, for I am very sad. I do not bear my little troubles well—I do not bear them as my Lord Jesus Christ bore His heavy Cross. Pray God have mercy upon me, help me to have more patience and courage, to remember all Thy great love for me, and that I am named to be Thine, and to bear my cross also after my Lord. Help me to put away my fears, and to grow daily more gentle and more brave, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Meditations.

SUNSET.

Brightly sinks the parting sun, throwing over all things a veil of infinite warmth and beauty. May such be the end of "life's long day" to me! No cold selfish feelings dimming my last hours with those around me, but true and tender affection for them lighting all my homeward path. For is not the way that I am going, a homeward path to me? Is it not to the presence of Him in Whose Presence is the fulness of Light, and at Whose right hand there is pleasure for evermore? Shall I fear to enter that Presence? Did I stand alone, and in my own

righteousness plead my own cause — O rather let the earth open and swallow me up, before I dare enter there. But my Master will cover me with His Perfection. The Holy Spirit will witness for me; surely then I may hope to hear the Lord claim me as His own ransomed child and servant. Amen.

SUNSET.

As each day passes away, I feel my life depart. Each night I ask myself, Shall I see the morning light? Each morning, Shall I see the sun set? Lord, my life is in Thy hand, Thou knowest. Only make my will bend in all things to Thine; only keep me Thine own unto the last; let me neither by reason of fear, of doubts, of the whisperings of Satan, or of mine own deep sinfulness, fall away from Thee. Hold me fast and for ever, Thou gracious Lord God. Amen.

SELF EXAMINATION.

1. Have I submitted patiently this day to the will of my God?

2. Have I kept back no favourite habit, sin, or fancy, while willing to give up all else at His call?

3. Have I been patient, gentle, sympathizing, to all around me?

4. Am I grateful for all kindness, forgiving towards all neglect or roughness; ready to believe myself more to blame than others?

5. Am I fervent in my devotions, and regular in my readings (if not too ill)?

6. Am I living as ready to die, or ready to live, as the Lord will. Living or dying, am I the Lord's?

7. Is my treasure in heaven? Is my heart there also?

8. Do I daily strive to live in charity, purity, and cheerfulness?

FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

9. Is my heart fixed on the things of this world?

10. Is my mind harassed with earthly anxieties?

11. Can I not leave all in the Hand of my Heavenly Father?

12. Do I repent fully, fervently, of all my sins, of all my weaknesses, of my cold, neglectful prayers, of my lukewarm charity, of my high thoughts of self, of my harsh judgment of others, of my indolence in labour?

13. Do I indeed believe in the efficacy of Christ's sacrifice to save me, notwithstanding all these sins?

14. And in His willingness to save me from these sins, and from their dread eternal punishment?

15. Have I *true* "faith in Him, and thankful remembrance of His death"?

16. Am I in perfect charity with all men?

17. And ready to lay aside the burden of the flesh, and to rise to the life immortal, trusting only to the Lord Jesus Christ?

THOUGHTS ON TWELVE TEXTS.

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.—Phil., iv., 12.

Formerly, when I read this verse, I read it lightly, scarcely pausing to think whether I could truly speak the same words. Later, when trial and suffering came, I found it often difficult to be content; when first a few things were changed I found myself ready to complain. Now, so much is gone that once seemed to be indispensable, I have passed through so much that once looked unendurable, that I *fancy* I am nearer the state here described; yet, if I be threatened with some further ill, something that would touch my very dearest upon earth, or that would change my most constant habits, do I not yet shrink and

murmur? True I have passed through much sorrow, much suffering, much privation and discomfort, yet is not my will entirely subdued. It is often yet rampant. When some new consequence of my former trials is developed, or when some heavy cloud appears on the horizon, I am not yet ready to say at once, "It is well, Lord, do Thou Thy Holy Will." When pain and weariness come upon me I am accustomed to them, but if anxiety, or fretting trials of daily life, or vexatious temper, come near me, I feel that it is more than I can bear. It often seems that the climate saps my strength, and makes me irritable; and yet I know, I know my Divine Master, that none of those things should move me, were I fully rooted and grounded in Thy faith and love.

Teach me, then, teach me, by Thy Holy Spirit to have no will but Thine, to know "how to be abased, and how to abound" in all that regards

my "precious things" as easily as in all temporal matters. Let discontent and anxiety, and fretful questioning of the future, die out of this heart of mine. Give it its daily bread; its needful portion of strength, and faith, and patience, for each day's need; so resting on Thee shall it be with all things content and peaceful, looking unto Thee, the Author and Finisher of our Faith. Amen.

To Him Who deigns in me to live,
What better gift have I to give
O, my poor earthly life, than thee?
Too glad of thy decay,
So but I may the sooner see
That Face of sweetest Majesty
For which I pine away.
While evermore I weep and sigh—
Dying, because I do not die.
Canticle of S. Teresa.—Lyra Eucharistica.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended.—Jer., viii., 20.

So, indeed, does it seem to me to be. My career of usefulness, my hopes of success, are

suddenly cut down. One moment did it seem possible that they might revive, and perhaps, had my own plan been followed, they might yet have done so; but this change of country has for ever snapped and destroyed them. I know that I shall never now resume my former position and influence; once to forsake a vocation such as mine, is to forsake it for ever; there is no longer any hope for me; my health may indeed be restored, my prosperity never. And yet with God all things are possible. He can, if He will, give unto me, as unto His servant Job, more than He had taken from him. Will He, will He do so? This I know not—this should not be my chief care.

What is the conclusion of the verse we are considering? "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and *we are not saved.*"

This is the burden of the complaint, the sorrow of the song. This should then be my care, my interest also. But is my worldly career

really closed? Is there no way in which I yet may, during the weeks or months or years of half-active life that still remain to me, prove my love and gratitude to God by working for my fellow-creatures?

"And we are not saved?" Are we, am I, not yet truly subdued unto the Will of God; not wholly able to give myself and all that is mine either in possession or in expectation—my very life and being—into His Eternal Care with a perfect child-like confidence? This it is to be saved. It is to have the faith and love of children; reconciled and trusting children.

If this be not yet my case, let me strive and pray daily for greater submission, greater faith. My case *has* much in its peculiarities that is very difficult to bear; but it is not to myself alone that this is evident. Human eyes see not where the burden presses, but He Who sends it sees all and knows all its peculiar power to afflict me. He knows upon which weakness of my nature,

which feature in my circumstances, which peculiarity in my age, family, history, &c., this trial falls with double weight. But He so ordered it for my eternal profit, and what am I that I should doubt His Love? Hath it not been ever unceasingly shown to me? Yea, though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

He beheld the City and wept over it.—St. Luke, xix., 41.

The Lord of Heaven and earth weeping? Was it because all around Him now shouting Hosanna must so soon rest cold and silent in the grave? Was it that the hours of His own Passion already lay dark and heavy on His soul? Was it that He in His divine foreknowledge wept for the souls that would not, after all, see the things that belonged unto their peace? He would not weep because mankind must die. He would not weep because their Lord must suffer in order to save their souls. He might weep to know that these

souls would reject His great salvation. He might also indeed weep at the prevision of the individual tortures of mind and body to be borne during the awful destruction He was foretelling. Twice are we told that our Saviour wept: once on this occasion, and once when Lazarus lay dead, and He saw the grief of Lazarus's sisters and their friends.

Those two little words, the shortest verse in the whole Divine Book, have perhaps touched more hearts, softened more souls—sealed and closed, as it were, under some heavy sorrow—than any others. Obdurate as we may be under our sufferings; willing to believe hard things of God, of our neighbour, of our ill fortune, as we call it; these two little words condemn us. He who afflicts us, wept also. He could weep and feel as man for man's suffering, man's death; He wept for others' grief and His own, though He knew He could relieve it instantly. He cannot unmoved behold our tears, our bitter pain and

woe, our bitter dreariness and desolation. He does not behold them unmoved; He enters into every detail of every sorrow; Himself "took our sorrows and bare our sicknesses." His Divine Sympathy is as deep and penetrating as His Compassion is large and vast. Only His Pity rests not only in the present suffering of the body or of the spirit. The pain is sent with an object, and if that fail—if He see that we persist in rejecting the lesson sent to us, and the right source of consolation and strength under our sufferings, He may indeed weep for us, as for the Holy City, tears of prophetic sorrow. Let us then strive that it be not so—that He may give to us, as to his beloved Lazarus and his sisters, a deep loving share in His Divine Sympathy; but not, as to Jerusalem, a share in his Divine Despair.

Ye hearts, that love the Lord,
If at this sight ye burn,
See that in thought, in deed, in word,
Ye hate what made Him mourn.

Keble, x. Sunday after Trinity.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice.—Psalm cxxx., 1, 2.

Out of the lowest depths of woe; suffering, depressed, afflicted on all sides; finding no comfort in prayer, scarcely daring to approach Thy Holy Altar lest I approach it unworthily—Lord Jesus, hear my voice. Lord, hast Thou not promised to hear the voice of the contrite and lowly sinner? Be present with me this day and lift up my weary spirit. Amen.

A weary body and an o'er-wrought brain,
No wish to long for Thee, no heart to love,
In dull, hard apathy and painless pain,
Yet will I come and Thy deep mercy prove:
For not in plastic feelings of the mind
Celestial comfort must I seek and find,
But in Thy presence. Thou art here, Lord Christ,
Therefore I live for Thy dread Eucharist.

Lyra Eucharistica, p. 78.

My heart panteth, my strength faileth me; and the sight of mine eyes, is gone from me.—Psalm xxxviii., 10.

But my Lord God endureth for ever and ever. In Him is strength, in Him is hope, in Him is the sure promise of rest and joy for evermore.

Lord, to Thine altar let me go,
The child of weariness and woe,
My home to find.
From sin and sense and self set free,
Absorbed alone in love to Thee;
Able to leave in liberty
This world behind.

Lyra Eucharistica, p. 10.

I will receive the cup of salvation: and call upon the Name of the Lord.—Psalm cxvi., 12.

Thou that despisest not the sighing of the contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; Thou that knowest all things and from whom no secrets are hid; Thou that seest the desire of all hearts and hearkenest thereunto—have mercy upon me. Receive the sacrifice of my heart, sorrowing for many causes; sorrowing most of all for sin. Forgive, oh, Lord, and be Thou with

me all the rest of the way I have to go; strengthen me for the last dread hour; let me not for fear, for pain, or for any temptation, fall from Thee. In Thee only rests my hope; make me entirely Thine. Amen.

Lord, when before Thy Throne we meet,
Thy greatness to adore,
From Heaven, th' eternal Mercy Seat,
On us Thy Blessing pour.
And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation worthy Thee.

Thy Body for our ransom given,
Thy Blood in mercy shed,
With this immortal Food from heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round Thy table kneel
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

Be Thou, oh Holy Spirit, nigh,
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heart-felt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense—to the skies.

Lyra Eucharistica, p. 186.

There is no whole part in my body.—Psalm xxxviii., 7.

Weakness and weariness within and without: there is no rest in my bones, no health in my flesh: and why? By reason of my sin; because of Thy displeasure. This it is that makes the burden so heavy, so grievous to be borne. *Teach me to repent*, oh, Lord my God; teach me that blessed penitence that lightens the spirit and washes white the robe—the robe once white before, but now so stained. Lift me up, make me to hear the gracious words—"Thy sins be forgiven."

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.
Psalm xiv., 1.

Oh, poor fool! how were it now with me, were there no God? How were it with thee, wert thou as I am now? No God, no Heaven, no hope, nothing beyond this present world! To me now shrunk to one corner, to one spot, soon

to one narrow coffin? No; God's Holy Name be praised, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

They were even hard at death's door.—Psalm cvii., 18.

Truly, such is my case: "my heart panteth, my strength faileth; and the light of mine eyes is gone from me." How know I if the Lord will send His word and heal me? This I cannot expect; I will not look for it: but He shall save me from destruction, for there is no destruction to them that are found in Him. Lord, keep me Thine, even now in these dark hours, for Jesus Christ's sake." Amen.

Mine eyes fail with looking upward.—Is., xxxviii., 14.

Mine eyes fail; my heart fails; all is weakness and trembling; but Thou art the same for

ever. In Thee am I yet strong. By Thy mercy that created me, O Father of Heaven—by Thy love that suffered to redeem me, O Lord Jesus Christ—by Thy guiding and preserving care, O Blessed Spirit—have mercy upon me!

"Lord have mercy upon me!
"Christ have mercy upon me!
"Lord have mercy upon me!"

Amen.

He will cut me off with pining sickness: from day even to night wilt thou make an end of me.—Is., xxxviii., 12.

Yes, it is even so. In the morning I say, "Would God it were evening," and in the evening, "Would God it were morning." My spirit fainteth by reason of this weariness, this weakness and pain. Everything is a burden unto me: therefore may I lay all at Thy feet, O Lord Jesu Christ: therefore will I humble myself before Thy cross, and confess that I have deserved more

than all I suffer, and that thou didst bear far more for me, Thou the Perfect, the Sinless, God on earth. Send, O send Thy holy Spirit to be ever present with me that I may sink into no depths of faithless mourning or despondency, that I may check all impatience and restless longing to be free and in health once more, or to be free and at rest with Thee. Abide Thou near me, O Lord Jesus Christ.

Abide with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
Keble—Evening Hymn.

I will make them rejoice from their sorrow.—Jeremiah, xxi., 13.

Thou hast taught me to rejoice in Thy salvation. Thou hast made me to rejoice in Thy mercy and forgiveness. Thou shalt make me to rejoice from all my sorrow in Thine Eternal

Presence. O lift up Thy voice and bless all whom I love and must leave on earth! comfort them and make them rejoice from their sorrow, give them the joy of Thy consolations, and of Thy compassions which fail not, but are new every morning. Strengthen us to bear whatever Thou shalt see fit to lay upon us, and teach us to rest all our cares on Thee. Help me to leave them entirely in Thy Blessed Hands, fearing for them nought so they remain for ever Thine, so Thou be ever near them. Well do I know that if Thou be near, all is indeed peace and joy. Let us look onwards to that bright meeting with Thee and with each other on high, when faith shall be swallowed up in sight.

O Father! not My will but Thine be done—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys:
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest!

Keble—Wednesday before Easter.

On Climates.

On Climates.

On climates — winter climates — for chest complaints, liver complaints, old Indian constitutions, and young delicate temperaments, much has been said and written.

The south-west corner of our own England, the southern coast, and the Isle of Wight, have many cures of incipient delicacy and of restored vigour to relate; and if damp air be not injurious to the peculiar temperament or condition of an invalid, no doubt they may be mild enough in a vast number of cases but little advanced, or so much so as to necessitate complete confinement to the house, and to be capable only of alleviation for

a few months. Where this is certain, a long journey and an exciting climate may be the most likely means of hastening the progress of the disease. The coasts of Spain and Malta were in great repute just as Montpellier and Avignon fell into disrepute. It is their turn now; but the other French winter nests, Nice, Cannes, Hyères, and Pau, will probably hold their own for some time to come. They have their advantages.

Nice and Cannes have a dry sea air, are often visited by cold winds, sweeping down from the Maritime Alps, and are perhaps, notwithstanding their brilliant sunshine, rather to be praised as not possessing, than as enjoying, a warm climate. Their merit is their fine air and *weather*, which make going out nearly always possible and pleasant, the winter short, and its effects bracing and enlivening. For those whose throats or nerves fear an exciting, or whose chests dread a keen air, they are not the places.

Hyères is much less exciting in every way;

the air is warmer, though always in motion; the sea air much tempered by the aromatic breezes from the hills; but all its western part is exposed to the mistral, and even the bise is sometimes felt there. The thermometer does not vary more than five degrees Centigrade between day and night, ten being the average temperature from midnight to an hour before sunrise, during the months of December, January, and February, and fifteen at midday (in a sunless and fireless room of course). There are probably years in which the variation is somewhat greater; this was a cold year, with snow on the Col du Géant and neighbouring hills.

Pau has quite another climate; its soil and vegetation are much more western, and show a far greater amount of humidity, while its position, twenty miles north of the Pyrenees, indicates truly that a considerable average of rainy days must be expected. It is indeed about three times that of Hyères, but there is little or no cold

wind, the soil dries quickly, and for those who do not fear damp air and capricious skies, it is a very safe residence, for the bitter spring winds are not felt, and April and May are delightful. The change of temperature from day to night I found much greater than at Hyères.

At none of these four places is the heat great enough to unfit any person in tolerable health from wintering the following year in England—nay, some delicate persons do the same without suffering. In fact, the expected mild climate often seems to be a delusion. The climate of Pau is found to make some persons bilious and feverish, but generally those whose liver is in fault, and who would be better at Nice or Cannes.

These are the principal winter climates of the bright Gallic land. That of Pau is the most nearly allied to our own, and has the least steady weather with the softest climate of the four, being very rarely visited by the bise and mistral that

form the scourge of the eastern French coast. *Weather* is, of course, not *climate*, as has been often testily remarked; but it is an important fact to those who leave their own land in order to be able to be much, and safely, in the open air. This is, indeed, the great object to be attained. It may be doubted how far positive heat, positive dryness, or the reverse, may be needed, for consumptive invalids more especially, but they one and all require a land where they may safely sit or drive out, and breathe sunned air, taking oxygen safely into their impaired lungs, and thus improving their blood and gaining strength. If we can tell them where to find this, combined with warm rooms to sit still in when fatigued, we shall have discovered the very place they require.

Malta was, ten years ago, supposed to be such a haven of repose, and so indeed it appears to the casual visitor and vigorous resident. But it is totally unprotected—an island in a stormy sea—

visited now by the enervating scirocco, now by a rousing levanter, now by a fierce cold gregala, and anon by a maestrale that would blow down any less sturdy little town than Valetta, on such a tongue of land.

Madeira appears to be very nearly perfect; too moist for some constitutions, it is balm and life to others, and the cases we often see of recovery, or at least revival in apparently serious illness, after a few winters spent there (it seems to require a few) are very encouraging. The winds are said to be less cold than at Palermo, and so, from its position, they should be. Palermo has a great reputation, and I believe it to be far milder than any other Italian health-resort. Florence is decidedly cold; Genoa is very relaxing, and Rome depressing, yet both these, and especially the latter, suit marvellously some cases of throat and chest irritability. Pisa is of the same class, and Venice also, but Venice is *very* damp, and her salt-water damp suits only some, not all, delicate

lungs. Pisa is, I believe, not so depressing as Rome, and is well suited to irritability of the larynx and trachea and bronchial tubes. Naples had a great name, but of late years she has rather lost it; the spring is there very cold and windy as in most other places. It is probable that the new line of Ancona steamers may open to us, not only some grand old towns, but some sheltered nooks on that coast—like Mentone on the Corniche, whose only fault is that it is so small that you are out of "the happy valley" directly, as in the case of our own Bournemouth. Scio is said to be very mild, and so are Rhodes, Cyprus, and Candia; but the three former lie in a sea often visited by tremendous storms, and though their size—except in the case of Scio—might include many a quiet sunny position for a health-resort, such are not yet to be found with European comforts. On Crete and Palermo I expect some detailed information, and hope to receive it in time for this edition.

I have now mentioned the principal places resorted to for winter in the south of Europe; saying but little, far too little of Spain and Portugal, because they have passed out of favour; I scarcely know why they do not, but apparently they do not suit chest complaints. We hear indeed of invalids sent occasionally to Gibraltar or Malaga, but without much success.

It is time, therefore, having mentioned Madeira, to consider the remaining health stations of the Mediterranean, Egypt, and Algeria. Of these, Egypt is confessedly the drier climate both as to soil and air. We border now upon the peculiarities of the eastern and tropical world; the land is a perfect haven for chest disease when not too far advanced—and for few others. In fact, it has been said that the invalids are the strong ones in Egypt. There is some truth in this; the climate is unfriendly to heart and head, liver, spleen, sight and stomach; fever and small-pox occasionally attack the "well ones" of

the party. Diarrhœa, dysentery, ophthalmic and liver attacks of various kinds, are very common even in the winter and spring, though less so than in the warmer seasons. Neuralgia also is not uncommon, and is severe, but strangely enough, the climate is often prescribed for it, and for rheumatism also.

Having premised what evils are to be expected in Egypt, I will now proceed to mention its great advantages to chest sufferers: speaking principally, be it remembered, of Cairo, since it is there that invalids are sent for the winter. The great dryness of the air gives it a bracing power to some constitutions, and the amount of oxygen this air contains exactly meets their needs, and explains their frequent expression, that "breathing is easier, and they feel able to do more with less fatigue than they can perform elsewhere." Many are the persons who, invalids in other places, appear well and active at Cairo. Scarcely able to walk for ten minutes on arriving, soon

amusing themselves for an hour or two on foot, in the open air and rich sunshine. One great reason of this relief is that the skin is almost always in a state of insensible perspiration, certainly on the slightest exertion, even in the month of January. The dust, however, and that same dryness of air combined, affect certain cases very painfully.

Cases of hemorrhage, and of extensive tubercle, and constant cough, should not remain in the town but go up the Nile, or into the Desert, but up the Nile to Thebes, at least, is better. They do not suffer from irritation in the same way there. Should the expense deter them (until the promised steamers run) from making the voyage, they might be as much in the Desert as possible. There is an establishment there for gentlemen which answers very well, but none at present for ladies. The sand of the Desert around Cairo is not, as we often imagine, composed of loose, flying sand; the surface is hard

enough for walking or riding, and is darkened and *bound* in a way that remains at present unexplained. Near Alexandria, and on the left bank, it is in general loose and rolling as on our own shores.

The winter of Cairo cannot be said to begin before the end of the year, on or about the 20th of December, in general, and even then it is seldom that a few minutes' walk or drive does not send a glow through the frame. North winds prevail through January, blowing four days in the week, and making the houses cold, for they are unprovided with stoves or fireplaces, and very generally with carpets also. In fact, the nights, and all but the sunny hours are *very* cold some years in Cairo, and from the nature of the air, from its rare and penetrating qualities, one is very quickly aware of any change in its temperature.

There are instances known of *complete* recovery, or rather arrestation of consumptive cases, after a year or two spent in Cairo; but the cure is

more probable if the upper country be resorted to. Rain and fog are extremely rare in Cairo. During three winters' residence, I have only seen twenty-four hours' continuous rain once, and but one or two fogs. It is calculated that six days in every year, during which the sun is not visible, is a high average.

Were patients sent to this agreeable climate early enough in their disease, and were their rooms slightly warmed, so that the extremities need never be chilled, it would be indeed the place for them. But they frequently remain in England till a harassing cough, pain in the side, and even hemorrhage have followed in the wake of premonitory fever, debility, and susceptibility to changes of weather; perhaps even then a Nile voyage might yet be of use, but their friends fear to separate them from their physician; they take a house, perhaps, built for summer—to court draughts, and avoid the sun—thus all the evils and none of the advantages

of a residence in Cairo are secured, and the disease gains upon the victim. Their last months are perhaps less acutely painful than they might have been at home; but that home they never live to revisit, and their sorrowing relations return thither, to feel how vainly they exposed their treasures to all the fatigues of the journey, and to ask themselves, with mournful and ever-recurring doubts—Did we well to carry them thither? Yes, they did well; for man can but act as far as he sees, not knowing the result, and cases in almost every stage of chest-disease have been occasionally seen to leave their fever, debility, and difficulty of breathing, in the land and in the waters of the Nile; whilst, on the other hand, we see constantly cases apparently slight, that seem to have been brought away on the first alarm, proceed with fearful rapidity, and as if the milder climate added fuel to the flame.

Such we see at all the winter-nests known: every week or month they cease to do or enjoy

something they could do or enjoy before. The closing year, the lengthening days, the first spring breezes, all seem to bring them a step nearer Home; the mild warmth, so welcomed on its early return, reduces their strength more and more, and seems to aggravate their symptoms: in Egypt and Malta it is attended by the exhausting south wind—Khamsin or scirocco—and this is really dangerous to chest-invalids (except to the very few who are the better for it). As strength decreases the desire to revisit home becomes an irrepressible longing; the journey is undertaken, often interrupted, a fit of increased suffering causing a delay here or there upon the route, until the final arrest takes place—still far from home—and the desolate mourners are left to bury their dead by the wayside, as it were, and return home—empty indeed.

Is not the whole way home from our winter-nests to our own land *lined* with the graves of those who in their last moments of ebbing life

pined to reach home, and fell by the way? And but that those graves are surmounted by the cross of our faith; but that these brows and hearts were sealed with that awful sign, must not we the survivors have lain down there in our dumb despair and died also? But no, we arise and gird ourselves, and say; They have found an Heavenly Home—pass we on to our earthly home, there to do and suffer our Lord's Will until He call us also, in His own good time.

So pass we mourners cheerly on,
Through prayer unto the tomb;
Still, as we watch life's falling leaf,
Gathering from every loss and grief
Hope of new spring and endless home.

Then cheerly to our work again
With hearts new-brac'd and set
To run, untired, love's blessed race,
As meet for those, who face to face
Over the grave their Lord have met.

Keble.

Algeria appears to combine many of the advantages of an European town with those of an

African climate. Its climate is more humid than that of Cairo, and its soil more so than that of Alexandria; its vegetation is partly tropical, partly Spanish. Its sanatory arrangements are better than those of an eastern town; and its sea-air and its sheltered position make it an admirable resort for invalids, while its nearness to Europe renders it more accessible and agreeable to numbers of patients and their companions than Egypt, which is much less Europeanized. But there is no Nile—*that* is wanting. The desert is there certainly, and its pure fine air, but not the great silent road of health and memory. Many cures, however, are reported of its balmy air and bright sunshine, milder and less continuous than that of Egypt, but nevertheless most lovely.

Pau, Nice, Rome, Florence, Naples, and Palermo, enjoy considerable advantages of society. This charm is wanting at Hyères, Mentone, and Cairo.

CHAPTER II.

Palermo.

BY A TEN YEARS' RESIDENT.

The climate of Palermo is probably less variable, and certainly far milder, than that of most places of winter resort in Europe. There is seldom any cold weather before the month of February or after March, but there is not that periodicity in the seasons to be found nearer the Equator. The summers are generally dry; the autumn rains may be expected to begin the end of September or in the course of October,

while the spring rains are very uncertain. February is reported the coldest month in the year, but the coldest day is looked for in March. This is not always the case; a more certain rule is that when the winter is severe in the North it will be extra mild at Palermo, and *vice-versâ*. Thus the winter of 1854-1855, one of unusual severity throughout the rest of Europe, was remarkably fine and warm at Palermo. Frequent scirocco winds, seldom followed by rain, gave a balmy feeling to the atmosphere, most grateful to the invalid. The scirocco has a bad name elsewhere, and here also in the summer it is oppressive, often damp and prostrating; but in the winter it is generally soft and pleasant, and only occasionally followed by rain.

February, 1855, was like a genial summer; stocks, anemonies, tulips, ranunculi, were common; the willow and acacia put forth their leaves, and winter seemed to have dropped out of the calendar. But these very fine winters are gene-

rally followed by a comparatively cold, backward, and stormy spring, and in 1855 this unsettled weather dragged on to the end of June.

The winters of 1859-60 and 1860-61 were also very warm, that of 1862-63 was equally fine and mild till the middle of February, when snow set in with greater severity than has been known here for very many years. As a rule there is more or less snow on the mountains every winter, but in the plain it melts as it falls, or at worst as it touches the ground. Last February it lay thick on the roofs of the houses for twenty-four hours, and even for a short time in the streets; while in England the winter was one of the mildest on record. It continued cold and stormy for about a fortnight or three weeks, and a good deal more snow fell on the mountains, though not in the plain, and then, the winter was over, and the spring that followed was remarkably fine and warm.

Though visited by frequent changes and occa-

sional cold winds, vegetation tells us that the actual cold in ordinary years must be very moderate. The produce of the market, beautiful nosegays, green peas all through the winter, cherries, strawberries, broad beans, etc., very early in the spring, all grown in the open air, attest this. On the 1st of April 1855, the horse-chesnut was in full bloom and beauty, and the botanic garden presented the appearance of summer—verdure rich, and exhalations fresh and invigorating. July and August are hot, with a dry elastic atmosphere, tempered by fresh sea breezes from 9 or 10 A.M. to 4 or 5 P.M., and by more or less of a land breeze at night. In September the thermometer ranges about the same, a little over or under 80° Farenheit, but the heat is more oppressive, the air feels heavier, and the sciroccos, when they do come, remind one of the sultry weather which generally precedes a thunderstorm in England. This kind of weather often lasts till the autumn rains set in, sometimes

till the middle or latter end of October, when the temperature falls, not to rise again above 70°, except during an occasional scirocco, till the following summer.

The winter range of the thermometer is generally between 50° and 60°, for a few days only will it range from 40° to 50°; as a rule there is very little difference between the outside and inside temperature, and as often as not in favour of the former, as most of the houses at Palermo are planned and built to protect the inhabitants against the heat of the sun, and not, as on the Chiaja at Naples, to make the most of it. The variation of temperature between day and night is also comparatively trifling, both in summer and winter, rarely exceeding a few degrees of Farenheit; while at Naples you will often find a white frost in the Villa Reale at 8 A.M., and by 2 P.M. the outside thermometer will be up at 60°, and in your sun-warmed room above 70°. Very rarely indeed do you find at Palermo a hot sun and a

cold wind, which are the bane of Nice and Naples, and so many other places of winter resort; on the contrary, when it is cold at Palermo it is generally owing to the sun being veiled in clouds, and not to an icy wind from snow-covered mountains. The nearest range that ever shows itself in a white mantle throughout the winter is 60 miles off, and then the wind hardly ever blows from that quarter.

Invalids, however, should be cautious, and follow the example of the peasants and fishermen in the matter of cloaks and wraps, rather than that of the higher classes, who have almost to a man abandoned them, to follow French and English fashions — much, I suspect, to the increase of colds, rheumatism, and pulmonic affections among them. With regard to the latter, I may quote the words of an English physician who spent a winter here in attendance upon a consumptive patient, as something of a guide both to doctors and invalids with regard to

the cases in which the climate of Palermo would be suitable or not.

"In cases of nervous excitability, or when the nervous system plays a chief part in disease, the climate of Palermo would be good; but where relaxation exists it should be avoided. Hence, in certain stages of pulmonic disease, it would be good, whilst in others it would be exceedingly prejudicial; this accounts for the remark of Mrs. Carleton, that the soft and balmy air of Palermo is injurious in diseased lungs. When cavities are formed, or phthisis has advanced to the second stage, it would tend to keep up relaxation and chronic irritation, whereas if the irritation were active it would allay it. The hot sun and genial air becoming habitual, its absence for twenty-four or thirty-six hours is much felt more especially if rain falls; thus Palermo has the reputation of being damp. In England we do not feel the absence of the sun in the same way, for damp is accompanied by a more bracing

condition of atmosphere, and the skin is in a different physiological condition."

But the actual damp as appears by hygeometric register is comparatively little; the subsoil of Palermo and the surrounding plain is sandstone, more or less porous, and the dews are never heavy.

Sometimes a disposition to a tropical form of climate is observable, not only in the violence of the winds, the very heavy showers, and the wet and dry seasons, but in the peculiar diurnal changes. Sometimes, for instance, the mornings for successive days will be bright and fair, changing towards midday to clouds and rain, and the evenings and nights again clear and bright. A thorough wet day rarely or never occurs, even during the rainy season.

At Naples all the natives vanish from the promenades at sunset to avoid the heavy dews which fall there at that time. Here, on the contrary, it is the fashionable hour for the drive, in summer

with perfect impunity to all however delicate; but in the winter invalids at least would do better in following the Neapolitan custom, for there is a sensible change of temperature at sunset, and more or less dew falls even on the Marina.

CHAPTER III.

Crete.

AN ACCOUNT BY ALEXANDER GRAHAM DUNLOP, ESQ., LATE H. B. M.'S CONSUL AT CRETE.

Crete possesses a charming climate—most healthy and agreeable, especially from 15th April to 15th December, during which time the finest sea-bathing is to be enjoyed. January, February, March, and half of April are wintry and stormy, with strong northern breezes and rain, but they are not unhealthy in a good house. The scenery is lovely and picturesque; beautiful

valleys and fine ranges of hills are here seen, overtopped by the loftier range which comprises Mount Ida and the White Mountains, which are 8,100 feet high, rising direct up from the sea.

Unfortunately, at present there are no hotels worthy of the name, but Greek and Latin convents throughout the island are hospitable. I delighted in Crete, and for yachters, or wanderers in search of health or scenery, nothing surpasses it. But it is stormy and wintry for four months; of course it is but for four months.

With good hotels it will hereafter be the best place on the northern side of the Mediterranean for a summer residence.

From the foregoing remarks it is evident that the town of Crete can never be a *winter* residence for delicate persons. But as a summer resort from Egypt, whence change of air is so often needed and so difficult to obtain, it would be invaluable, had it but hotels and a direct line

of steamers. And it is very possible that as a winter residence, the southern side of the island, where the blasts of "North wind from the Black Sea" would not be felt, may be found equally invaluable; but at present the island is not appreciated as it deserves to be.

Comforts for Invalids.

These, in many of the places to which invalids are sent, are lamentably few. Deficient sanatory arrangements meet us in every small town in France and Italy, and in the larger ones also in the East. Food is neither so palatable nor so nutritious as in our own temperate land. The rooms are less well furnished, the beds less comfortable, and the roads for carriages few and uneven.

Such are the complaints we hear from those who have conveyed their beloved to some foreign land, as a last hope.

From many of these accusations we must however, except Pau. The houses there are not ill-built, and many of them are so well furnished, as quite to exclude the draughts, so prevalent where ill-fitting windows and doors close or rather do not close rooms bare of carpet, and with the thinnest possible curtains. Good nutritious food, and excellent cooks, are to be met with in Pau; and the roads there are, as indeed are all the principal roads of France, admirable. At Hyères, though it has the resources of Toulon at command—as Cannes has those of Nice—there is much more difficulty about lodging, feeding, and exercising a patient. There are very good apartments at the Hôtel Laure, which now has changed its name, and at one or two lodging-houses near it; but those at the entrance of the town are very wretched, ill-built, and exposed to the cold winds; and the central part of the town is not to be recommended as a healthy residence. There are beautiful drives, few but lovely, and

endless rides and walks to be taken among the windings of the hills.

However, all these European residences are, or can be made tolerably comfortable, and we are sure that any invalid would regret them when first ushered into the bare, fireless rooms in the best hotels in Egypt. The very aspect of the thin-mattressed iron beds, rickety chairs, dingy sofas, stone floors, and strips of carpet, gives one an impression of hardness and unrest, which the *table d'hôte* in no way dispels. "Everything is so hard!" is the common complaint; and it is a just one; in a land where keeping provisions is a difficulty, and fattening poultry is not practised, it does require time and patience either to teach a cook European ways, or to teach one's digestion Oriental customs. If one remains in the hotel, and asks for a better room, or for separate repasts, one meets with great readiness to oblige, and great civility, especially at Zech's Hotel, Cairo, and Cyprien Memet's, in Alexandria.

Time and patience will do wonders in making any room habitable even for a delicate invalid; but I would advise those who possess, or can find any portable means of warming the feet, not to neglect bringing it, for it is very important in many cases to keep the feet warm, and nearly impossible with stone floors, and a current of air under every door, except in the Oriental posture, with the feet upon the divan. Small stoves can be obtained for burning charcoal, with a chimney-pipe let through a window or a wall; but proprietors often object to this, and the charcoal excites cough in some patients. A spirit-lamp lighted in the morning, and just as the sun disappears, will do much to soften the chill of those hours which is often very irritating to the lungs.

Tea, and any peculiar aliment which the invalid may be in the habit of taking, such as maizena, &c., is better in England than in Egypt; so perhaps might be any very peculiar remedy, though in general the British pharmacopœia is

obtainable in this land, where English physicians are among the foremost. Warm clothing must of course be brought—it is much needed, and all flannel and woollen garments are much less good and more expensive in the East, and indeed the fewer European articles one has to purchase there the better. Books are not easily procured, and an invalid requires a good circulating library, which he will not find in Egypt; he must therefore bring his stores with him, or be content to borrow, which is not satisfactory work to the lenders, kind as they may be.

In one and all of these respects, Algiers is said to be eminently superior to Egypt, everything being as easily to be procured there as in France. Bath chairs, *chaises-à-porteurs*, and donkey chairs would be acceptable in Egypt, but have not yet found their way thither, although donkeys for riding are the most approved way of getting from place to place, and carriages abound.

The difficulty of going up and down stairs often keeps an invalid at home, when he might enjoy the air were he on the ground-floor. A little strip of drugget, sacking, sack-cloth, or carpet may however carry him safely to and from his room, if it be bound and furnished with loops of strong braid, into which loops will be passed a handle like a hoop-stick, only thicker, and about a foot and a half long; the handles receive the loops and the bound edges of the carpet, which are securely nailed to them. A place is cut in the carpet for one hand of each porter, the other grasps the projecting part, and the invalid sits with his knees between the projecting handles. It is obvious that this is only a good expedient for short distances, there being no means of resting the bearers. A chair with poles is better for going from house to house, or to church, because it can be put down to let the men breathe.

Another little invention for patients reading in

bed, or on a sofa, has been mentioned in the Chapter on Occupation.

I think these few hints as to the necessity of being provided with certain "comforts" for an invalid, may greatly tend to his enjoyment of a winter in Egypt.

I have said nothing of air-beds, eider-down quilts, railway wrappers, air-cushions, invalid chairs, portable stoves or water-closets (though the last are much needed, especially in lodgings), on account of the expense of moving articles so bulky, but there is no doubt that were that no object, the comfort of having them would be immense, and the relief to the minds of the watchers be as great as the advantage to the patient.

Remedies.

"There be many that say; Who will show us any good?"

Among patients ever restless and anxious to try some new thing, there are occasionally found those who will try nothing—who have no faith in physicians, no hope from remedies. If they are not fatalists, their experience hitherto has been unfortunate, and they have conceived a mistrust of all aid—a steady belief that the remedy is worse than the evil. These are very difficult to comfort or relieve; the very want of faith in a remedy often prevents its being fully tried,

as the absence of confidence in the physician will cause his orders to be imperfectly carried out, and his opinions carelessly listened to; nay, sometimes the whole details of the case, or of the effect of a remedy, are not told to them. It is, however, our duty to try thoroughly and conscientiously—with a prayer for God's blessing upon them—the advice and remedies of the physician under whose care we are placed. It is a Christian duty, and it gives him the best chance, so to speak, of relieving our sufferings.

The temptation not to do so is particularly strong in a foreign land. Some patients, indeed, think that the climate will do every thing for them unaided, whilst others more reasonably fear "to try experiments" upon themselves, not knowing how far that which did suit them at home may suit them here, or, on the other hand, how far new or formerly unsuccessful remedies may be modified in effect by the change of climate. Many again have a great distrust of

any one who has to learn their constitution for the first time. But as there are three subjects to be considered; the peculiar disease, the peculiar climate, and the peculiar constitution, it is well to have a medical adviser who understands the two former, the latter being the more quickly learnt of the three. Faith is much needed; it is true that the new physician has not the advantage of knowing by heart all our peculiarities and all our feebleness of mind and body, but this is in many respects no disadvantage; he comes with no pre-conceived ideas, no long-cherished dogmas to enforce; he is not fore-armed against our own impressions or those we seek to give him.

Let us, before his arrival, pray that his care may be blessed to our relief, if the Lord will, and submit ourselves gently and entirely to his treatment. Should he prescribe anything that we know has a peculiar effect upon us, such as mercury, opium, iron, iodine, or any other strong remedy, let us tell him quietly the effect it has

had on former occasions; where, how it was applied, and for what malady. He will then be able to judge how far it may be likely to be safe under the present conditions, and if he prescribe it, let us try it fairly, and as nearly as we can, without any prejudice. The same rule will apply to new remedies, remedies of the country, should we be ordered to try them; divesting ourselves of prejudice, let us give them a fair trial, and if they relieve us, let us acknowledge it gratefully.

Thus far for remedies—but when none avail? Then let us quietly seek for relief in prayer, in occupation if possible, in works of charity, in such alleviations as the nurse rather than the physician can suggest, and when these too fail, in a "well-vaulted patience" that endureth unto the end. Relief, however, is sometimes found almost by chance in very trifling changes—for this then let us be deeply thankful. The invalid has been lying long on his back, and is weary, yet can turn to neither side without a fit of

coughing or breathlessness—some one slips a small cushion under his knees, and the strain is immediately taken off the back. He has tossed about all night and found no rest, his cushions have been placed at the usual angle again and again, yet they are always uneasy—(the obnoxious bolster has been long ago condemned)—at length they slip unobserved into some *un*usual form and rest comes, and sleep with it.

Restlessness wearies and exhausts him; a slight sprinkling or sponging (so as not to wet the bed) with vinegar and water cools his fevered skin, and renders lying still, at all events, possible. The room is hot, and the season is too cold to open windows; but a little toilet vinegar, or eau-de-cologne, poured upon a heated brick or into a hot perfuming iron, will send a current of cool perfumed air through the room. So will also a cloth dipped in chloride of lime, but the smell is disagreeable, and it sometimes irritates the eyes or promotes cough. Musquitoes are trouble-

some, but a little mint-powder and gum benzoin sprinkled into burning coals or even paper, will destroy their liveliness for the night.

Thirst is a constant evil; but in a land of oranges and lemons, many are the resources against it, even when syrups and sherbets are become a drug.

Fumigating papers are to be obtained in England that greatly relieve oppression in breathing, that most fatiguing form of suffering. Spirit of turpentine, opium, and olive oil, in equal parts, gently rubbed in, often relieve pains of the stomach and bowels in consumptive, neuralgic, rheumatic, and chronic pains.

Many, many more remedies and comforts will occur to each guardian for the needs of his own peculiar charge; it is better, if the expense deter not, to bring such things as the invalid is used to, for excepting at Pau, or at Rome, or Florence, he can hardly expect to find even tolerable substitutes, and in the East he certainly will not do

so. A bath is easily hired in the East, but it is a great comfort to have one's own, if one leaves the great houses or hotels. Hot water is easily found in the hotels, but the natives, unless forewarned never *keep* hot water in the kitchen; they make a little fire of charcoal just at the hour of cooking, but there is no constant fire or constant boiler to which to have recourse. An excellent feet-warmer, consisting of a velvet covered india-rubber bag, for containing hot water, may be found at Pau; it is extremely useful in cases of hemorrhage, and in all others in which it is important to draw the blood to the extremities.

In preparing for a winter in a warm climate preventives against cold are especially needed; because, cold being the exception not the rule of the year, few are the defences there provided against it. One is doubly susceptible from the rarity of the air, and everything seems to be, and is, in league against one, for every house is built,

every habit taken, for summer—the rule—and not for winter—the exception. And this, however reasonable, is particularly uncomfortable to us, who come from northern climes, where the winter is the rule, summer the cheering exception. Russians lament their stoves and their furs, Englishmen their "ingle-nook," Frenchmen their *salons de réunion.* Little is there of their winter enjoyments; very little society, very few amusements, little literature. For all these the Italian towns (sometime capitals), Palermo, Pau, Algeria, and Nice, are better than the East.

Kaiserwerth in Egypt.

Amidst all the excellent institutions of this century, there is perhaps none so silently but so widely useful and elevating as that of Kaiserwerth. It is elevating to all concerned in it, or touched by it. The principle laid down and carried out, that women of gentle education and refined minds, are the right persons to attend upon the sick, and to minister to them in the way most likely to do them good for ever, is not entirely new, though it may be perhaps a step beyond that of the conventual system.

Leaving, however, all unnecessary comparisons, let me proceed to call attention to this admirable institution now extending its branches far and wide, and needing, as all such enterprises must, liberal support. The subject at large has been several times very well handled, since Florence Nightingale's name first drew England's attention strongly to Kaiserwerth; but there are many to whom the special benefits conferred on our countrymen by the branch established at Alexandria, are unknown. I may be permitted to speak of its working, as I have seen it during a residence of several weeks among the Sisters. They are well named *Sisters*, so well and harmoniously do they work together, and so tenderly and skilfully do they attend their patients. Never is anything to be seen or heard but the most simple, hearty, good feeling towards each other and towards those around them. I often thought when with them, of the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth

peace, good will towards men," for such is the tenor of their lives. Their affection for Kaiserwerth, their Mutterhaus, is very striking; if a sister unknown to them previously, comes on her way to or from another post, she is gladly welcomed for the love of Kaiserwerth, doubly welcomed if she come from thence and bring news thereof.

Their life is one of unceasing labour, of constant cheerfulness, and there is a refreshing simplicity in their way of doing it, and speaking of it, that is truly—German, I believe. Some of them are learned, some accomplished, all well educated, and *perfectly certain* of all they know. They superintend all the details of the household themselves—they have only four servants for their numerous family of invalids; one of these four is an Arab, and the others are Germans. One Sister, the Superior, superintends the expenses and the kitchen and offices, keeps the accounts, receives the patients, and enters their names and the dates of their arrival and departure, with their payment

of their daily two francs—is present at the doctor's visits, and distributes the work to be done. Another superintends the laundry, and takes her share of the watching and tending the patients, and of preparing the linen, &c., kept apart for small-pox patients, who are always cut off from the rest, and have an infirmary, linen, and attendance to themselves; as would also other persons ill of diseases equally contagious. Great care is taken, and great nicety prevails in all the arrangements of the hospital. Three Sisters share the wards among them for personal attendance. There are two private rooms, one for women, and four for men. Another Sister has the Dispensary, and attends to the out-patients who come at 9 and at 5 to see the doctor, to obtain medicines, to have their eyes touched, or their wounds washed and dressed. The Dispensary and its little office, with cooking-stove, &c., and its large marble hall for receiving the patients, is beautifully kept, and does great credit to the

very young but fullly "diploma'd" Sister whose charge it is.

For the in-patients, besides the five wards, there is a large corridor, containing also a few beds—the number altogether being thirty. Each Sister attends the doctor round her wards, and the Superior accompanies him also, to receive his orders. Should there be any case of delirium or danger, a Sister watches through the night; otherwise they sleep in a dormitory opening into the corridor, and tired as they must be after a long day's exertion, at the slightest sound of bell or call, they are beside their patients, soothing, cheering, or controlling them.

Before 6 o'clock they are up and busy in their wards; at 6 the solemn notes of the harmonium call them to Morning Prayer in the saloon. This over, they return to their patients, assisting the weak to rise, or to make such toilette as they can perform, making the beds—restoring order and cleanliness everywhere with their own hands,

sweeping out the wards, and letting in the fresh air. Then the breakfast trays are brought in, separate ones for those confined to bed; the rest draw round the table for the repast, and such as are able, disperse afterwards to the garden, or to some light occupation if they prefer it, and are fit for it.

The doctor's visit, and the following out of his orders, occupy the morning till 10 o'clock, when a supply of soup, or some slight food, is given to the weak. At 12, they dine; the fare is simple, wholesome, and abundant, at least for those not ordered to starve, but the German doctor's patients are frequently in that category. He is very clever, but severe upon the rations. The English doctor or his assistant pays the morning, the German the evening, visit. Should any emergency occur, however, either is sent for to his patient at any hour. Before the Sisters dine, they sing a grace, and indeed during the repast the Haushälterinn, the Superior, who is also the

organist, plays a chorale. During their moments of leisure they study languages. The Superior reads the Bible to the patients who understand English and German; she also teaches two of the Sisters to play the harmonium, and sing chorales.

At half-past 3, coffee with bread or toast is provided. At 4 o'clock, on Tuesdays, the pastor visits the Sisters, and performs a short service, during which one Sister remains with the patients. On another day the English clergyman comes to the sick. At 5 o'clock, the doctor's visit again requires the presence of all. Visitors are admitted to see the patients on Sunday and Wednesday, and patients are taken in at all hours, if there is room for them.

At sunset lamps are lighted, tea is brought in, and the invalids begin to be tired and to go to bed, or compose themselves for the night; a few yet linger in the large corridor, into which open the doors of all the other wards and rooms,

so that the Sisters are always near their patients. One by one, however, they drop off, and the night settles down upon this busy little world, where so much suffering and so much charity go hand in hand. The Sisters work for the hospital (not for themselves—all they require is sent from Kaiserwerth), converse, read, study, sing their evening service, and retire also.

Another day is passed; passed in the service of God and of man for His sake; they are certainly one day nearer heaven. And we?—truly we feel that to be near them ought to be helping us to draw nearer to heaven also.

Calmly, actively do they live in the midst of sickness and death; fatigue, and to a certain degree danger, encompassing every step of their lives. Little do they know of variety or pleasure: a letter or a Sister arriving, a walk or a donkey-ride to show her the wonders of the place, or to accompany her to the vessel on her departure, a few books, a little sacred music—these are

their greatest pleasures, except indeed the blessed one of seeing their affectionate care for the spiritual as well as for the temporal health of their patients rewarded—and the illness, the seclusion, the holy atmosphere and tone around them, turn many thoughtless hearts to prayer and to a clearer firmer faith. Often indeed do their efforts appear to be vain, or remain without decided and apparent influence; but often also does "the Spirit's viewless way" give the increase, and raise the glad song of thanksgiving out of the heart of him that was ready to perish, and out of the hearts of those gentle example-preachers.

Their own health appears to be wonderfully sustained in most places; here it is decidedly impaired, but still they are marvellously well, labouring as they do. I asked one of them how she could account for it: "The mind is at peace," replied she. That is certainly a great point: but though they do not willingly complain, their strength is insufficient for a hospital always full

of grievous diseases. For in this climate not only is the strength of the nurse lessened, but all that tells upon it is considerably increased. The virulence of disease makes the patient more helpless, the air around him more vitiated than in a cooler climate. Attendance all day and watching all night become urgent; and however exhausting in a country where one perspires liberally in any exertion or fatigue *nine or ten months in every year*, this attendance and this watching must be performed by the same person—for there are often several patients at once in typhus fever whom it is not safe to leave a moment, and all hands are full. It is found necessary here to subdivide all manual labour; surely then the very laborious office of these Sisters requires more than five to share it. I here subjoin a copy of their rules.

RULES FOR THE SICK.

1. Every invalid received into the hospital will receive all that is necessary, and must give his

own clothing and all other articles he may have brought with him to the Sister.

2. Invalids must obey the physician, the Sisters, and the attendant, without murmuring or resistance.

3. Every patient must keep himself clean, as well as his clothing and bed, and must take care of the furniture of the hospital.

4. Smoking is not allowed in the hospital; but convalescents may obtain leave to smoke in the garden and court-yard by applying to the doctor.

5. No patient, without the permission of the doctor or of the Sister, may go from his own room into the passage, garden, or other sick rooms.

6. Every patient must take the medicines, and be content with the portion of food prescribed by the doctor. He gives back to the Sister what he cannot eat.

7. Patients must behave with propriety in bed

and out of bed. As soon as they are able to rise they must dress completely.

8. Every patient must be quiet and orderly in his behaviour. During the doctor's visit he must remain near his bed. Card-playing and other unbecoming amusements are forbidden.

9. If a patient wishes to be usefully and pleasantly occupied, and his state of health permit it, he may easily find employment in the house.

10. Visits of relations and friends should not be long, and should not interfere with the other invalids.

The influence these gentle Sisters have over their patients, and the quiet orderly tone of the whole house, are very striking; very few women-patients are brought here, chiefly men and boys with accidents, fever and liver complaints, &c. The Sisters are always moving about the wards.

Fatigue and night-watching in hospital air are very injurious to their lungs, but I think the

greatest suffering seems to be from neuralgic pains, and fever of a nervous type. They always speak lightly and cheerfully of whatever they have to bear—simply and naturally of their former position in life, were it high or low. Often have I been asked, "What motive, do you suppose, induces those excellent ladies to become Deaconesses?" "Love to God and to man," has ever been my reply.

For how many private heart-griefs known only to God and to themselves, has this noble work been at once a refuge and a solace, I would not, if I could, enquire; but sure I am that many wait not to find the world fail them, or its brightest, holiest dreams vanish, ere they give themselves to God, and to His poor and suffering. No, God be thanked! there are many who give themselves to God and to Kaiserwerth in their youth; freely giving their young life and strength to the cause of sickness and suffering. They must spend two years or three, as Probation-Sisters, or Novices, in

order to learn their profession, and to make sure of their own decision and vocation. They are bound by no vows, and are always free to marry, or to return to their homes, but most of them would consider it but just to give at least five years' service to the cause, in return for their training.

It is necessary, in order to enter this holy service, to be between the ages of eighteen and forty, of good health, and to perform the noviciate at Kaiserwerth, or some other of their Mutterhauser, of which there are now several. Kaiserwerth is, however, still the most perfect and extensive; there they learn to tend the sick, to assist in operations, to do housework, to teach little children, to manage an orphan asylum, and one for the mildly insane, to cheer the feeble-minded, to dispense and prepare remedies, and to guide a household; and having learnt all this, they go forth obediently whithersoever they are sent; ready to bear all climates, encounter all diseases and all discomforts, their first anxiety being

always to make the sick as comfortable as possible. And truly they do all that can be done by order and neatness, by quiet and gentleness, by an extreme regularity and attention to details, to make sickness as "comfortable" as it ever can be. The extreme regularity is something extraordinary in an establishment where such events as the arrival of patients in every state of miserable disease, their wildest sufferings, and their deaths, are occurring frequently, nay, continually.

All nations flock here, even those that have hospitals of their own. Arabs, Greeks, Italians and Frenchmen are continually arriving, and some Germans; but the English sailors of our numerous steam-vessels, and the engineers of the railway, claim a large share in the benefits of the Deaconesses' Hospital. And such being the case, I would suggest to Englishmen and women travelling by these vessels and railways, to consider how useful and welcome to the hospital a contribution from them would be. It needs

funds, for it is too small for the applicants, and requires enlarging. It requires purchasing also, for houses in Egypt are often the joint property of many persons who cannot all be induced to sell at the same time—the only resource then is, to buy their shares successively. More Sisters are, as we have shown, also needed; the great number of out-patients—Arabs who prefer living at home, and who do not require to be taken into the house, and are treated gratuitously—causes a considerable expenditure.

It would be a terrible loss to the East, did this house close like the one at Beyrout; and even short of that, were it compelled to diminish its circle of benevolence. For our own sakes, let us encourage the noble work of the Deaconesses—the Kaiserwerth Sisters—and not only imitate and learn from them, but also give cordial support to their institution now established in London, and to this excellent and hard-working Branch at Alexandria.

Conclusion.

And now, although my work has rather exceeded its proposed limits, I terminate it with regret. The subject of Human Suffering, so vast, so varied, presents ever some new phase, and as one writes, fresh topics of consolation and warning occur to the mind. I know, indeed, that my book is but suggestive, not exhaustive; but such must all be that point to the Inexhaustible Treasury. There, and there alone, is there soothing for every pain, and light under every cloud.

Many are the books already written as Guides and Companions for the Sick Room. If I have appeared to follow in their footsteps, it has been involuntarily, for I have none here. Keble's "Christian Year," Dr. Vaughan's "Sermons on the Epistles to the Philippians," and "Lyra Eucharistica," are the works to which I have referred, and gladly do I acknowledge all I owe personally as well as in a literary sense to their several authors. I would recommend them to all; but to travellers and invalids more especially. "Life in the Sick Room" has many excellent chapters, though *the* touchstone of comfort be wanting. "Sickness, its Trials and Blessings," and many excellent later works, with "In Memoriam" and one or two "Hymn Books with Tunes," ought to accompany our Expatriated Invalids.

I have given but few meditations, as most invalids will prefer *thinking* at their readings, and forming for themselves the prayers and self-examinations to follow them. The "Special Suf-

ferings" and "Thoughts for Invalids" might have been largely extended, but I could not make my work too large, comprising, as it does, several heads. The notice on Kaiserwerth in Egypt, has been written, as indeed has the rest of the work, during a residence under the roof of the Sisters at Alexandria.

My Book is finished, not perfected—my own eye detects many omissions, many far too slight and brief touchings of important points. Many subjects will be expected to find a place in this work that are not included in it. Other eyes will find more faults than do my own. One apparent omission is however intentional. The office of the Holy Spirit as the Comforter, has not been made a prominent part of every chapter, but its *effects* are duly mentioned. The office of the Holy Spirit being to awaken in us the love of our Divine Saviour, and to work in us repentance, faith, and sanctification, by forming in us the Image of our Master; it is evident that in

speaking of these we speak of the Work of the Holy Spirit, even though we do not in every instance specify it. Chapters on these and many other subjects would indeed have been indispensable to a complete Manual of Devotion.

But this is but a small work, supplementary to others more important and systematic. Lightness for head and hand have been especially studied for it, by one who well knows how the mental appetite must often wait on physical weakness—the active spirit depend on the aching hand or head. The trials of those engaged in tending the sick traveller, and the varieties so infinite of circumstance and character, I long to speak of; but I have already almost over-stepped the limits I had traced.

May this work be blessed in its little sphere, and bring comfort to some exiled invalid! It precedes me to England, whither I hope soon to follow, and to find it already busy on its mission. O may it soothe some weary hour,

suggest some thought of peace, calm some moment of anguish or despair, infuse into some lonely heart the deep, deep peace of that Divine Promise—

"I will not leave you comfortless—I will come unto you. Behold I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Amen.

Deaconesses Hospital, Alexandria.
October 7, 1863.

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